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Original Papers.

WORDSWORTH.

THE (London) *Examiner*, in one of the fittest and most feeling announcements of the death of Wordsworth given by the English press, remarks:—

"Rarely has a human life closed on purposes so fully accomplished as that of the poet; and still more rarely has man enjoyed, with felicity like his, the contemplation of its final triumph. To all reverers of English genius, the death of Wordsworth will suggest the most affecting considerations attendant on a great example of the contrasted brevity of the longest life with the grandeur of the objects which the poetic faculty may, within that space, develope and adorn. A sense of the most entire harmony of manners and of thought which can enshrine the image of a poet, who has lived as became his function, will also bring its consolations. But there are a few—a very few it may be—yet surviving, whom the extinction of Wordsworth's mortal life affects with a nearer interest. They will feel in it the death of a portion of their own. They are those who first became acquainted with his poetry when it was scoffed at by the critics, and neglected by the world; who felt it then assuaging the fervors of their youth, passing into the current of their life, and tempering the pulses of their intellectual being; to whom it opened new sympathies with the external world, with which strangers could not interfere; who devoted themselves to its defence with the fiery earnestness of sectaries; who watched with trembling pleasure and pride its steady progress, and who felt its victories as their own personal success.

"We do not refer to the more distinguished of his contemporaries, who were his personal friends—as Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb, whose affectionate association with him was regarded, by the shallowest mistake of criticism, as a proof of kindred affinity between styles of composition and ranges of sentiment actually and essentially dissimilar. We speak of minds less powerful, whom his genius impressed, moulded, and changed; and which have felt and struggled to diffuse the blessing of advantages so received. In the opportunity of exciting such influences, and in the devotion by which his disciples strove to repay them, no poet who ever lived excelled him who has

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just left us. As in this assurance Wordsworth derived support amidst the scorn or slight of the world, so he felt in it the most delightful part of that fame which crowned the evening of his days with a serene confidence of duration seldom vouchsafed to the living."

The feeling thus expressed is shared on this side of the Atlantic, and the poet's death has here brought to the heart of many a thoughtful reader of his poetry a more solemn recognition of moral and intellectual gratitude. Never to poet has such tribute (more precious a thousandfold than the formal praise of criticism!) been rendered with more earnest affection. Literary history will not fail hereafter to recognise the influence of Wordsworth's poetry as a large element in the first half of the nineteenth century; and of that influence, not the least memorable proof may be found in a zealous admiration, which wears rather the guise of grateful and affectionate attachment to a wise and bounteous benefactor. Such is the feeling in many a manly—many a womanly—spirit throughout the large spaces of our country over which English literature has spread: and the announcement of Wordsworth's death has a response of sorrow, such as is seldom given at the close of the life of an author, distant, and personally unknown. We grieve to know that a voice, which spake so wisely and so well for our happiness and our good, can add no more to those salutary and elevating influences; and hence, to all who have explored the depths of those influences, the passing away of the soul of such a poet from the earth is felt as an affecting event in their own lives. It is mournful to think that the silence of death has hushed

A voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,
To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,
And sympathy with man's substantial griefs.

The affectionate gratitude, which has so eminently been the tribute paid to Wordsworth's genius, was ever one of the chief objects of his own pure ambition. When speaking of the remembrance of his poetry, his language is—

As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air
Of memory, or see the light of love.

The last line of a Vaudeville Sonnet was—
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee.

And writing to a friend in America, he says: "This sentiment is, I assure you, predominant in my mind and heart." And, again, "It must surely be gratifying to one, whose aim as an author has been the hearts of his fellow creatures of all ranks and in all stations, to find that he has succeeded in any quarter, and still more must he be gratified to learn that he has pleased in a distant country men of simple habits and cultivated tastes, who are at the same time widely acquainted with literature. * * * * The acknowledgments which I receive from the vast Continent of America are among the most grateful that reach me. What a vast field is there open to the English mind acting through our noble language! Let us hope that our authors of true genius will not be unconscious of that thought, or inattentive to the duty it imposes upon them of doing their utmost to instruct, to purify, and to elevate their readers. That

such may be my own endeavor through the short time I shall have to remain in this world is a prayer in which I am sure you and — will join me." [This was written in 1837.]

Whatever natural sorrow the poet's death may have caused to minds that know their deep spiritual debt to him, there is associated with it a different but not discordant feeling, when we contemplate the length and the admirable completeness and consistency of his career. When we think of fourscore years of irreproachable life—devoted to the noblest and best purposes of his Art, and that, with a singleness of purpose which no unworthy aim ever lowered, and with a fortitude which the world's contumely never shook; when we think of his powers strong and healthful to the last, unobscured by that dismal twilight which often pitifully closes the life of genius; and when we recall how much has been achieved, and how many of the foremost spirits of the age, variously tempered too, have rejoiced in proclaiming this poet's power over them, one feels as if sorrow were ill suited to the tranquil close of such a life,—that we should ask no dirge, but rather (to borrow one of his own elegiac strains)

A garland of immortal boughs
To twine around the Christian's brows,
Whose glorious work is done.

In anticipation of the knowledge which biography may give us, we already know how remarkable Wordsworth's career of authorship has been; not only for its duration, but for its completeness and its unity. Happy in a moderate competency, which has always secured for him a congenial dwelling and freedom from uncongenial toil; happier still in the spirit of contentment; blessed with health of body as well as mind, and with a happy household, he was enabled to give his life to the sedulous and dutiful culture of his poetic endowment; and hence the beautiful harmony of the labors of more than half a century. He was entitled to speak of this character of his productions, when he bade one of his later volumes join

— thy forerunners that through many a year
Have faithfully prepared each other's way—
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
When and wherever, in this changeable world,
Power hath been given to please for higher ends
Than pleasure only; gladdening to prepare
For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
Calming to raise; and, by a sapient Art
Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,
Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased
To cast their shadows on our Mother Earth
Since the primeval doom.

Now that Wordsworth's mortal career is ended, we look back along it—fourscore years and more—and we see no violent or abrupt transitions there, but all its periods of authorship "bound each to each by natural piety," and showing no change other than the progression of cultivated poetic power—sublimar aspirations and the more comprehensive expansion of imaginative wisdom. Wordsworth's career of authorship extended over a space of about sixty years; the earliest date affixed to any of his pieces is 1786, and the latest 1846; his first publication ("The Evening Walk," addressed to his Sister) was in 1793, and the latest in 1850, just completed before the brief illness which closed his life.

A life so extended as Wordsworth's is remarkable in its relation to his contemporaries

in the poetic art. His memorials in verse of some who passed away before him—especially Scott and Charles Lamb and Southey—have taken their place among the finest tributes paid by poet to the memory of poets, in English literature. The following extract from an unpublished letter of Wordsworth's has an interest both in the enumeration of his contemporaries and in the terms with which he speaks of a living poet, belonging to a younger generation; it is from a letter dated July 1st, 1845, in which, after describing his presentation to the Queen after his appointment to the Laureateship, he adds:—

"By the bye, this gentleman (Mr. Rogers, the Poet), now, I believe, in his 83d year, I saw more of than of any other person, except my host, Mr. Moxon, while I was in London. He is singularly fresh and strong for his years, and his mental faculties not at all impaired. It is remarkable that he and the Rev. W. Bowles were both distinguished as poets, when I was a school-boy; and they have survived almost all their eminent contemporaries, several of whom came into notice long after them. Since they became known, Burns, Cowper, Mason, the author of 'Caractacus' and friend of Gray, have died; Thomas Warton, Laureate—then Byron, Shelley, Keats, and a good deal later, Scott, Coleridge, Crabbe, Southey, Lamb, the Ettrick Shepherd, Cary the Translator of Dante, Crowe the author of 'Lewesden Hill,' and others of more or less distinction have disappeared. And now of English poets, advanced in life, I cannot recall any but James Montgomery, Thomas Moore, and myself, who are living, except the Octogenarian with whom I began. I saw Tennyson, when I was in London, several times. He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things. You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent, though persuaded that he is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts, viz. the spirituality with which I have endeavored to invest the material Universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances."

Of the poets living, when this letter was written, William Lisle Bowles died, at an age of more than ninety years, within a short period of the death of Wordsworth—a few weeks earlier: Moore is represented to be on his death-bed, and is, it appears, the subject of a somewhat indecorous discussion as to the place of his burial: Rogers, the oldest of them all, survives the several generations of his fellow-poets in the last and the present century.

This communication will perhaps be followed by a few more containing some notices of Wordsworth, which may at this time have an interest.

HENRY REED.

Philadelphia, June 1, 1850.

Parisian Sketches.

VOLTAIRE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ARSÈNE HOUSSEY.*

III.

VOLTAIRE, desirous of publishing the *Henriade*, assembled at the house of the President de Maisons a circle of curious literary men selected from the fashionable world. They were so severe on him that he lost patience and threw his manuscript into the fire. It cost the President Hainault a fine pair of ruffles to

save the poem from the flames. The poet was reconciled to looking at his manuscript again. Whilst he was retouching it with a firmer hand, the Abbé Desfontaines, it is not known from what copy, had the poem printed under the title of *The League*. The famished Abbé was not contented with taking a stipend from two printers, he had dared to add some lines after his own fashion. The poem was received with éclat; all disfigured as it was, it obtained Voltaire so many eulogies that the poet pardoned the Abbé. Voltaire in his turn wished to have the work printed, but the priests, reproaching him with embellishing and reanimating the errors of semi-pelagianism, set to work to have the privilege of printing refused him. To counteract these cabals, Voltaire dedicated his poem to the king, but the king would not accept the dedication. From that day, war was declared. Until then, Voltaire had been irreligious only after the amiable and careless fashion of his masters, the Abbé de Chateaufort and the Abbé de Chaulieu. He was no longer content with laughing wittily at the hypocrites; he began to laugh angrily. "What!" exclaimed he, "then I am destined to fight honest gentlemen, who number among themselves the Abbé Desfontaines." It will be seen what was the real starting-point of the quarrel. The Abbé Desfontaines, delivered from prison by Voltaire, trimmed his pen to take up the defence of the church against him. How could Voltaire be quiet? With the best remembrances of the Jesuits, could Voltaire humiliate himself before the majesty of the Abbé Desfontaines, their representative? The conflict was to take place on another battle-field. Was the poet to bow before the glory of the regent who had recompensed him for a sally, or before the power of the king who had refused his dedication? Voltaire would then be in conflict both with church and court. A third power remained to protect him, and which was perhaps to repress his striving for liberty. But it was not to be so; the noblesse lost Voltaire by their own act. See! One day at dinner at the Duke de Sully's, he began to oppose, unceremoniously after his fashion, an opinion of the Chevalier Rohan de Chabot. As the wit and the sense were on Voltaire's side, the chevalier said, with a loud disdainful voice: "Who is this young man who talks so loud?" "It is," answered the poet, "a man who does not bear the weight of a great name. I am the first of mine, you are the last of yours." The next day but one after, as Voltaire was dining again at the Duke de Sully's, he was told that some one wanted him at the door of the hôtel. He went. A man whom he did not know called to him from the interior of a carriage; he advanced, the unknown seized him by the collar of his coat, at the same instant a valet gave him five or six blows with a stick, after which the Chevalier Rohan de Chabot, posted a few steps off, cried out, "That's enough!" Were not these words the most cutting injury? Voltaire indignantly returned to the hôtel, related his fatal adventure, and entreated the Duke de Sully to aid him in his revenge. The duke refused. "Very well," said Voltaire, "let the outrage fall upon yourselves." Thereupon he went directly home and erased the name of Sully from the *Henriade*. Knowing well that the tribunals would not do justice to a poet against a man of the court, he swore to himself justice. He shut himself up and learned at the same time the sword exercise to fight for his life, and the English language to be

able to live out of France after the duel. This design showed the man of head and the man of the court. As soon as he knew the use of his sword, he defied his disloyal adversary in such contemptuous terms, that the chevalier did not dare to refuse to fight. They agreed to meet the next day, but in the interval, the family of the chevalier showed the Prime Minister a quatrain of the poet's, which contained, at the same time, an epigram against his excellency, and a declaration of love to his mistress. Voltaire was taken to the Bastille during the night. Less than that would give a man a taste for democracy. Thus, at thirty years, Voltaire found himself alone, without friends, without defenders, without money, awaiting exile in imprisonment—alone against the court, which was nothing,—against the noblesse, which was not much more,—against the Jesuits, who were everything! A weak and poltroonly spirit would have asked pardon, and suffered conversion. Voltaire allowed himself to be punished in order to have the right to avenge himself.

After six months of the Bastille he was permitted to leave, but "by the gate of exile." He went to England, the country of the liberty of the mind and of the pen. Scarcely at London, the remembrance of the outrage forced him to return secretly to Paris, in the hope of at last meeting his adversary face to face. On the point of being discovered, he returned to London without being revenged. "At least glory shall avenge me; this name which he wished to make vile, shall shine eternally before his own."

In England, Voltaire suffered himself to be led away by the philosophy of Shaftesbury, rhymed by Pope, and commented by Bolingbroke. Voltaire had only been irreligious by sallies, he had mocked at the mysteries of Catholicism with the wit and the carelessness of the Epicureans of the Temple. In England, in the school founded by Newton, he sought for truth, he collected all the weapons which, at a later period, he broke against the church. From London he saw his country the slave of prejudices, the people the slaves of the nobles, the nobles the slaves of the courtesans, the courtesans the slaves of the king and his mistress, the king and his mistress the slaves of the Jesuits. "He swore," says Condorcet, "to be, by the mere power of his genius, the benefactor of an entire people, by snatching them from their errors." Condorcet ennobled the design of Voltaire, who was above all things desirous to avenge himself in the name of truth, cost what it might cost to truth.

In England, as a relaxation to his philosophic studies, he published the *Henriade*, without the favors of the Abbé Desfontaines. This edition, published at an immense price, was the commencement of Voltaire's fortune. The entire English court had subscribed, without doubt, on account of the dedication to the queen. "It is a part of my destiny, like that of my hero, to be protected by a queen of England." Voltaire passed three years in England; he studied there the poets and philosophers, conceived the tragedy of Brutus, sketched out the *Lettres anglaises*, and noted down the History of Charles XII. from the recital of a servant of this adventurous monarch. He returned to Paris secretly, but resolved to return to the Bastille rather than not see his country again. He hid himself in a remote faubourg, saw a few faithful friends, and set to work to become rich, to become strong. When a poet pursues for-

* Resumed from Literary World, No. 140.

tune, he is only repulsed on the first effort. Fortune loves people of spirit, almost as much as she does fools. Voltaire, in less than three years, became six times a millionaire. It must be said that he was bold and fortunate; he commenced by risking the proceeds of the edition of the *Henriade* in the lottery which the Contrôleur General had established to liquidate the city debts; it was *rouge et noir*. Voltaire quadrupled his crowns. This was not enough for a man of his mettle. He risked again all he possessed in the Cadiz trade and Barbary wheat; finally, as a last financial operation, he took an interest in the provisioning of the army of Italy, after which he reunited his millions and placed them both well and ill. He had as much as four hundred thousand livres income; and, although ill paid in many places, after having lost much, built a city, given with a royal hand, and spent with one often prodigal, he had left at the end of his life more than two hundred thousand livres income, both in permanent as well as fluctuating property. You see that the poet did not build castles in the air only. If some die of misery, others die twenty times too rich. In the face of Malfilâtre, of Gilbert, and of Jean Jacques, who lived on alms, do you not see Fontenelle pass with his income of eighty thousand livres? Gentil Bernard had more than half, Voltaire had more than double? And note that in this noble profession there is not a single bankrupt to enregister.

Voltaire began to live at Paris without disquietude, when Mademoiselle Lecouvreur died, whom he had tenderly loved. As burial was refused to this illustrious comic actress, the indignant poet wrote the elegy on the occasion, which breathes all the English hardihood. The priests, who, by acts of the parliaments, had no one left to excommunicate but actors and actresses, took the field again against Voltaire, "indignant," says Condorcet, "that a poet should dispute the half of the world with them." Voltaire, not wishing to return a third time to the Bastille, took refuge at Rouen, under the name and with the retinue of an English nobleman. He there had the *Histoire de Charles XII.* and the *Lettres anglaises* privately printed. When the storm had blown over, he returned to Paris, resolved to again attempt the perilous victories of the stage, hoping that the spectators, once on his side, would defend him against fanaticism. He had *Brutus* played without too many obstacles. It was only half understood that he made himself the safeguard of the rights of the people; the piece had only a half-success, in spite of the second scene and in spite of the fifth act. After the representation, Fontenelle said to Voltaire, "I do not think that tragedy is your right field, your style is too strong, too pompous, too brilliant." "I will immediately re-peruse your pastorals," answered Voltaire.

He had almost finished *la Mort de César*; but he did not dare to risk on the stage a tragedy in three acts, and without women. He brought out *Ériphile*, which fell without a sound. As a man who recovers courage from a defeat, Voltaire shut himself up, seized the subject of *Zaire*, finished the tragedy in eighteen days, and had it represented within the season. It was received with striking enthusiasm, its success became prodigious, it was decided that it was "for all time, the tragedy of pure souls and tender hearts." He did not give himself time to enjoy his success, but had two other tragedies represented one

after another, which fell one upon the other from two sallies from the parterre. It is known that *Marianne* could not continue, after this simple observation of a spectator: "The Queen drinks." It is also known that *Adelaide Duguesclin* had the same fate, thanks to this response from the parterre to a *mot* of Vendôme: *Es tu content, Coucy?—Couchouci.* . . . The whole house gave assent to the roguish joke.

Voltaire led a very agitated life; he only half tasted the intoxication of success, he forgot very soon the vexation of a failure. He had recovered his taste for the great world; fêted everywhere, above all by the women, he passed his happiest hours in giving and receiving compliments. Do not think that he then held vigils before the midnight lamp of inspiration—no; his vigils were for suppers and games at Pharaoh, where he gallantly lost some twelve thousand livres in an evening.

Whilst lounging away his mornings on his pillow, he constructed the "*Temple du Gout*." As he allowed himself, according to his custom, to be right in his judgments on the poets of the past and present century, he excited innumerable literary animosities against himself, for in literature, as in everything else, there is always a party who take pains to be wrong. The little tempest raised by the literati became so strong, that Voltaire, will it be believed, was threatened with a *lettre de cachet* if he did not exile himself of his own good will. He understood then better than ever these words of Normand Fontenelle, "If I had my hands full of truths, I should take care not to open them." He concealed himself at a lady friend's near the Palais Royale.

Tempests of all sorts broke over him. An infidel bookseller circulated an edition of the *Lettres anglaises*, which had become *Lettres philosophiques*. Voltaire took flight; whilst his book, condemned in his place, was burnt by the hands of the hangman. The devotional furore was then at its height; miracles had returned with the Deacon Paris and the Reverend Father Girard; people let themselves be crucified out of love of God, as if God could accept this impious parody of a Divine mystery. "I shall return soon to Paris," Voltaire had said on leaving, "for the Jesuits will make the most of their respite." He returned soon, and, becoming somewhat emboldened, he suffered the *Épître à Uranie* to be printed; a new uproar, a new *lettre de cachet*, which Voltaire seeing, said the *Epistle* was by the Abbé de Chaulieu, who had just opportunely died. Besides, this epistle did not injure the Abbé de Chaulieu's reputation as a poet or as a Christian. Scarcely did Voltaire breathe freely than, in his ardor for combat, and wishing to turn his arms elsewhere, he published the *Mort de César*. This time, his publication was authorized by the court. He persuaded the courtiers, most of whom had become his friends, that the play was not the least in the world republican; the court, on solicitation, shut their eyes.

When Voltaire did not do battle with his pen, he did so by his words. Welcomed and sought after by statesmen and great seignors, from curiosity and from fear, if not from curiosity and admiration, he almost always preserved his freedom of speech. One day at the house of the Keeper of the Seals, a man was spoken of who had fabricated a *lettre de cachet*. Voltaire asked what was done to the forgers of a new kind. "They hang them." "Very good, provided those

who sign real ones are treated in the same way."

A few days after, as some one was reciting in a corner of the saloon, amidst roars of laughter, some fragments of *la Pucelle*, the Keeper of the Seals threatened Voltaire with a new *lettre de cachet*, if he ever undertook to have the poem printed. Voltaire, tired of living continually at the door of the Bastille, or on the road to exile, tired of gaming, by which he lost a great deal of money, disgusted with most of the frivolous circles where he heard too much talk of the genius of Crébillon and the wit of Fontenelle, resolved to withdraw himself from the world, not like a St. Anthony, but like a well inspired poet; he retired to a chateau with a fair dame, resolved to live like Adam after the fall—that is to say, to devour in solitude the fruit of science and of love, the bitterness of the one making endurable the bitterness of the other.

Madame du Châtelet was, in the eighteenth century, the free liver par excellence; like certain dames of our days, she had dispensed with the restraints of marriage; but the husbands of those days were much easier livers than those of the present times. M. the Marquis du Châtelet lived with the Marquise du Châtelet and M. de Voltaire, her lover. For several years previous Voltaire had been smitten with the graces of this lady, charming on many accounts. They were two unquiet and turbulent creatures, always ready to take fire, always armed for controversy, always burning for tumult and éclat. Madame du Châtelet was no better a Catholic than Voltaire; she had laughingly placed this on her escutcheon, "Happiness is the aim, he who acquires it is saved." Like Voltaire, she had a passion for science and *petits soupers*, for the fine arts and gaming, for philosophy and fine clothes. They saw one another—they loved one another. M. du Châtelet did not complain—he was another philosopher.

They, therefore, all three retired to the Château de Cirey, on the confines of Champagne and Lorraine. Do not suppose that they passed their time like poets or like lovers, in cooing elegies or madrigals under the green arcades of the park. Cirey was not entirely the terrestrial paradise, as Voltaire called it—"I have the happiness of being in a terrestrial paradise where there is an Eve, and where I have not the disadvantage of being Adam." Madame du Châtelet, who already knew Latin, set to work to learn three or four living languages. She translated Newton, analysed Leibnitz, and was a candidate for the prize of the Academy of Science. Voltaire did not want to be left in the rear, he made himself a *savant*, almost as much of a *savant* as his mistress. The Academy of Science had proposed as the subject of a prize essay, the nature and propagation of fire. Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet were competitors; they were beaten by Euler, but their pieces were inserted in the collection of prize essays. They soon reappeared before the Academy as adversaries in the dispute on the measure of living forces. Voltaire defended Newton against Leibnitz, Madame du Châtelet Leibnitz against Newton. The Academy gave judgment for Voltaire, but Voltaire gave judgment for Madame du Châtelet.

Is it not a curious and mournful spectacle to behold these two lovers finding nothing better to do than to dispute on points of philosophy, physics, and metaphysics, when the sky smiled over them, and talked to them of love by the voice of roses and of birds, in a chateau which was almost a garden of Armida?

Their love had nothing of a pastoral charm; now and then tender, it was most often full of miffs; in their fits of jealousy or anger they went so far—must I say it—as to beat one another—as lovers. Voltaire, all Voltaire though he was, always ended by yielding; their miff over, they wept like children. M. du Châtelet came to the rescue, and patched matters up with the zeal of the husbands of those times.

At Cirey, Voltaire wearied himself a little with love and science; he returned to literature with greater ardor. *Alzire*, *Tulime*, *Mahomet*, *Mérope*, and *L'Enfant Prodigue*, are the fruits of his retreat. It was also at Cirey that he finished the *Discours sur l'Homme*, and *La Pucelle*. His retreat, besides, was anything but calm and quiet, for besides the charming wrath of Madame du Châtelet, he had to undergo persecutions without number. Cirey did not always shelter him from his enemies. He was twice forced to pass into the Low Countries. Persecution had ended in pleasing him, it had habituated him to strife and tumult. Thence his pamphlets against his enemies and himself, thence his innumerable letters scattered everywhere, either for attack or for defence. The enemy whom Voltaire most dreaded was oblivion.

His ordinary journey at that time was from Cirey to Flanders. Madame du Châtelet, "the nymph of Cirey," the blonde Emilie, whose blue eyes inspired Voltaire's heart with so much warmth, went to plead before the Brussels tribunals a suit on the will of Trichâteau, her uncle. The courts of Brussels took from seven to eight years to examine the case; it was therefore necessary for seven or eight years to pass from love or philosophy to the tediums of a ruinous process. This is the reason Voltaire remained so long in Flanders. He resigned himself to it with a good grace on his mistress's account. Nevertheless, he says somewhere that it is a little sad to pass the decline of one's youth in pleading on the will of M. Trichâteau. He did not, however, lose his time at Brussels. Madame du Châtelet was often a traveller. They went together to teach the great Flemish seignors the follies of the Parisian world, games, suppers, and fêtes. Voltaire has left the souvenir of a fête given by him to the Marquise du Châtelet, the Princess of Chimay, and the Duchesse d'Arenberg. He gave this fête not as a poet who makes bouquets and fireworks in verse. "See how I trench on the part of a grand seignor," he exclaims, "I do not serve a single verse, of my own fashion."

At Brussels, he expiated on the tomb of Jean Baptiste Rousseau, his injustice towards him. In a letter to a bookseller of the exiled poet, he declared, in subscribing for his works, that he regretted not to have been able to reconcile himself with a man worthy to be loved. It was from Brussels that he sent a writing-desk to the King of Prussia, with these words:—"Soliman sends a sabre to Scanderbeg."

He went several times to the Hague for his books. The Holland of Rembrandt had for him neither savor nor souvenir. He did not linger in a charmed revery by the fields of Paul Potter and the fords of Ruysdael.

He was never long without visiting "*la grande capitale des Bagatelles*," to assist in literary Brigands' work. Brigands' work! would he content himself at the present day with that energetic word? Paris soon tired him. "This hubbub of a world is an hundred fold more pernicious than those of Descartes."

At Paris, he, however, always sought solitude, sometimes as a poet, sometimes as a man proscribed. Thus, while Emilie flitted through the Hotel Richelieu, he isolated himself at the Hotel de Brie in the rue Cloche Perche.

Shall I say that Voltaire, after having declared himself that he was the rival of Homer and of Sophocles, consented in 1746 to knock, for the third time, at the door of the academy, to replace the President Bouhier? Mundane orations assailed him for several months. After the representation of *Mérope*, he was called for by the spectators; taken by force to a box occupied by the Maréchal de Villars and her daughter-in-law, the parterre requested, or rather commanded, the latter to embrace Voltaire, which was done with a very good grace.

After this triumph, the most beautiful and agreeable he had ever gained, his genius descended to courtintrigue. He wanted to have the entrée to Versailles, even if only by the back door. He commenced by gaining admission at Étoiles, where he followed Madame du Châtelet. Madame de Pompadour received him like a woman of spirit, who liked open books. Voltaire became her master for the season in the art of thinking. From gallantry he passed with her to politics. With a little patience Voltaire would have become a minister. He became a politician, he was sent as ambassador to the King of Prussia, he wrote for peace to the Empress of Russia, he was on the point of betraying the secrets of his friends, the English. To obtain his first audience of the king, he went direct to the camp of Fribourg with an epistle in his hand. The king did not comprehend that Voltaire was better worth gaining than a German city, he received him as a poet without consequence. Voltaire was not rebuffed. The prime minister, and the second minister, Madame de Pompadour, and the Marquis d'Argenson were for him; with such high protectors what would he not reach! He attained, all out of breath, to the place of a gentleman of the chamber and a brevet of historiographer of France! This cost him dear. He consented to compose a ridiculous ballet, the *Princesse de Navarre*, for the Versailles fêtes on the arrival of the Spanish Infanta. He also composed, besides the poem of Fontenoy, a heavy inventory of a poetical battle, the *Temple de la Gloire*. What is to be said of this parody of Metastasio's poem, except that it was outrageously applauded at Versailles for this good line, "*Chantons le plus grand roi du monde*." Intoxicated with this poor triumph, he endeavored to make himself a courtier. After the representation, he approached the royal box, and with the uncereemonious air of a great poet addressing a king, said to him, "Is Trajan content?" The king, who did not like men of wit, Voltaire less than others, made no answer. The next day, Voltaire sold his post of gentleman, to become free again. Thus M. de Chateaubriand deceives himself or wishes to deceive us when he asserts that Voltaire would have abandoned his talents for a place at court. If he had really been a courtier he would not have been offended at the king's silence; he would have continued to burn incense, whatever face the god had shown. Voltaire was born a freeman; we must interpret his contradictions in good faith.

A new religious storm bursting forth, Voltaire had *Mahomet* printed, which had been forbidden to be represented on the stage, and to ridicule the priests, dedicated it to Pope Benedict XIV. The pope, who understood

Voltaire, responded with eulogies, medals, and benedictions, with which the philosopher returned to Cirey.

The hosts of the château went from time to time to pay their court to King Stanislaus. Lunéville was then the Versailles of Lorraine: the Marquise de Boufflers was the Pompadour of the place; she had chosen her courtiers among men of letters. She reckoned among her poets Saint Lambert and the Count de Tressan; they were two bad poets, but two courtiers full of grace and spirit. Madame du Châtelet, with all her philosophy, allowed herself to be taken with the madrigals of Saint Lambert; Madame du Châtelet was forty-two, the sun of beauty was about to set for her. The amour cost her her life. She presented an infant either to M. du Châtelet, or to Voltaire, or to Saint Lambert. Poor Voltaire had passed to the rank of friend! A friend and a lover, without counting a husband, was not bad for a philosophical lady, who annotated Leibnitz. She carried her philosophy to the end. Voltaire wrote from Lunéville, September 4, 1719, to the Comte d'Argental, "Madame du Châtelet, whilst scribbling at her Newton to night, fell ill at ease; she called her femme-de-chambre, who only had time to stretch out her apron before she received a little girl, who was placed in a cradle. The mother arranged her papers, put herself to bed, and everything is as quiet as a mouse." The same day Voltaire wrote garrulously to the Abbé de Voisenon. "He repented, six days afterwards, of having taken this tone of pleasantry; Madame du Châtelet died. He wept as hard as he could for her, although a private ring in which the miniature of Saint Lambert had replaced his own, which had replaced the Duc de Richelieu, which had replaced ———, had taught him all. Worthy M. du Châtelet was present at this discovery, weeping like Voltaire with all his might. "Monsieur the Marquis," said the poet to him, "this is a thing which neither of us should boast of."

Voltaire, inconsolable, wished to console M. du Châtelet; he accompanied him to Cirey. "My dear Voisenon, what a hapless day! I shall soon come to pour into your bosom the tears which will never cease to flow. I do not abandon M. du Châtelet. I shall, therefore, again behold the chateau which friendship had adorned, and where I hoped to die in the arms of your friend." At Cirey, he wrote to M. d'Argental, that the chateau had become a horrible desert to him. Nevertheless the places where she dwelt were dear to him, he would have a sombre joy in finding again the traces of her sojourn in Paris. He exclaimed that he had not lost a mistress, but a half of himself, a soul sister to his own,—the genius of Leibnitz with sensibility, a woman of genius and a woman of heart. He would not be consoled, he would follow her to the dead, her who was faithless to him. He returned to Paris as pale as a Trappist. Is this really the Voltaire who was always laughing? They pitied, they made a jest of him. Patience, he will laugh again, great griefs are not eternal. How long a time will he weep, this man who implores death with such loud cries! A little less than six weeks! Saint Lambert wept fifteen days—the husband alone wept longer.

(To be continued.)

VULGARITY AND FASHION.—Vulgarity may be described to be unsuccessful affectation, as fashion is successful affectation.—*Diary of a Dutiful Son.*

Reviews.

CUBA.

Cuba and the Cubans. Samuel Hueston.

An obvious question, suggested by every book or building is, what is its design? "Cuba and the Cubans" could not have been composed to enlarge the knowledge of the reader in the geography of that interesting country. On the contrary, with the exception of its extracts from "Notes on Cuba," it is almost silent on the varieties, capacities, and beauties of its soil. We get no information from its pages about its civil or natural divisions, its geological features, its industrial institutions, its organization, social or political, literary, scientific, or philanthropic.

History could not have been its object neither, because the first chapter, which contains it all, is only a compilation, according to the preface, from "Turnbull's Travels in Cuba," already in possession of the public. This chapter, comprising about a quarter of the work, contains an arid synoptical survey of the long line of Spanish deputies who have lorded it over the island, in judgment or in mercy, almost from the discovery of Columbus to the present hour.

The political contributions are far from ample, exhibiting but two phases, the despotism of the Captains-generals, and the manifest destiny of the beautiful queen of the Antilles to become the unresisting captive of a European power, or else a happy, adopted sister of the neighboring states, who are represented as passionately longing for the union. Yet it is this portion of the work in which we suppose we have discovered the key to explain the reason of its publication. To be convinced of this, the reader must peruse the volume as he would an oriental book, by commencing at the last page. There he will find the text which the preceding chapters were probably intended to illustrate. The proposition stated in that page (199) is this: "To the question, whether it is not best for Spain to sell, and the United States to purchase Cuba, no one can hesitate for a decision." And in the body of the work materials are collected, from which weapons may be constructed to contend with on this delicate and momentous subject, and accomplish the desired union with this country. Before presuming to make up any opinion at all upon the matter, these and other sources ought to be resorted to, and carefully examined. While this investigation is supposed to be going on, we will amuse ourselves for a moment or two in hinting at some things that lie upon the surface.

At the root of the oppression, which is now crushing this fine island, lies the despotic Royal Order of 28th May, 1825, virtually placing the entire country in a state of siege. Martial law, therefore, reigns perpetual throughout the circumference of Cuba. When a nation possesses no constitution nor law but the will of a master, it is useless to inquire into the rights and privileges of its citizens. We shall, consequently, not take the trouble to enumerate acts of individual tyranny. In general, let it be observed, that notwithstanding the treaty with Great Britain, the slave trade is connived at by the government, the captain-general himself receiving a gratuity, at first of half an ounce of gold, now increased to the handsome bribe of three doubloons for every sack of charcoal, as a slave is facetiously called, imported. Upon the 3000 African slaves lately introduced and publicly sold, Señor Alcoy's gratifications have consequently

reached the pretty amount of about 200,000 dollars! Who can afford to be an honest magistrate, and respect the laws and institutions of his country, when their violation is thus rewarded?

The native Creoles are barbarously oppressed. "They are excluded from the army, the judiciary, treasury, customs, and all influential and lucrative positions." The slave's mind is poisoned against his master, whose situation, thus rendered perilous, continues yet unprotected by arms. Insurrections are the necessary result. The Countess of Merlin, in her "Slaves in the Spanish Colonies," gives a graphic account of some incidents of that of 1840. Another took place two years afterwards, followed, as usual, with summary judgments and horrible executions, in which blacks and whites were indiscriminately involved. How crushing must be the despotism which blasts the fair domain of Cuba, when a respectable writer like Robert Baird, in his "Impressions and Experiences of the West Indies in 1849," published by Blackwood in 1850, asserts that the average life of a Cuban slave is only seven years. But we can dwell no longer on this painful theme.

The book contains entertaining descriptions of striking scenery, and spirited delineations of domestic feelings, manners, and relations, among the polite and agreeable Cubans. For some of these it is indebted to "Notes on Cuba, by a Physician." Cuba, though within the tropics, is singularly healthy, especially in the interior. It measures 780 miles by 52, with an area of more than 43,000 square miles (the appendix states it to be 55,000), equal, almost, of course, to the State of New York; containing, however, a little less than 900,000 inhabitants; of whom about 425,000 are whites, 149,000 free colored, and nearly 323,000 slaves. This was the population in 1846; in 1841 it was upwards of 100,000 larger, the decrease being among the slaves and colored people, the whites having gained a little. The mean temperature is 70°, but in the interior and eastern parts 73°. The hottest months do not average above 84°—85°; the coldest having a mean temperature of about 70°. Ice sometimes forms at night, snow never falls. The soil is rich and deep; its productions luscious, and of great variety. The ceiba and its parasite, the jaguey, which eventually destroys the former, and flourishes in its stead (used, therefore, by the native poets as a type of ingratitude), are among the wonders of the forest. The principal productions, as everybody knows, are sugar, coffee, tobacco, and fruit.

The Creole is a finished orator, graceful in his actions and expressions. While talking his whole frame is in motion, so that one ignorant of the language can almost comprehend him. The priests are not respected; on the contrary, they are despised. One of them is held up in the book to universal execration, the publication of whose name, Don Felix del Pina, the author, observes, that shameless curate will not care for. Even the religion of the state, Roman Catholic of course, is sunk to the lowest ebb; and that alone, such as it is, meets with toleration. The Catholic, according to Mr. Blair, denies liberty of public worship to all creeds save its own. A brief mass, attended by an insignificant few, and scandalously hurried through, is all that attests the Sabbath. The few resorting thither do it for gaiety and flirtation. The ladies ply the telegraphic fan with the same airs of coquetry and playfulness as they may have done the evening before at the theatre; or as they will probably do the same evening at the opera."

Religion must have fallen low indeed, when even women can treat it with irreverence.

The state of education is not much better. One child only in 63 is educated, and that chiefly by private efforts. The temple of justice is desecrated by legal chicanery and official procrastination and venality.

The visit of the physician already mentioned, to the sugar estate of Don Santiago, illustrates dramatically the manners of some of the people; but it is too long to be extracted. Here is a taste of it.

"Was that all the cause of your leaving the Count?" inquired Don Santiago of his sugar master. "No; it did not end there. The Señor may remember how devout the old Countess used to be, and she was proud of it, too, the sweet lady! Well, I turned to her at once on her telling me, 'that she saw I knew how to manufacture dirt as well as sugar,' and said, my lady the countess would do quite as well to attend to the dressing of saints, which she understands, as to the making of sugar, which she does not. If you had seen what an uproar was raised then! All that I can tell the señor is, that I heard the Countess tell her husband, 'Pancho, do not let this man sleep here this night!' But I had the pleasure many years after to be recalled to the old Count. Twenty sugar masters had been tending his sugar house. All lost; not one grain of sugar fit to be looked at. At last the Count sent for me. 'Well, Penez, you see how I am,' said he. 'But the Count has been permitting himself to be ruined,' I answered, 'because he wishes to do so. Now from here is nearly one league, yet I can without hesitation say, that they are burning the juice with too much lime.' Two hours after, the best sugar ever made was drawing from the kettles. They had been using twelve cocoanuts of lime; I at once reduced it to three. My nose could not fail me!"

Hear what is said of the musical taste of the Cubans:—"Indeed, we must admit that there is throughout this country a very general and delicate taste for music, which is not to be found in our colder region. I do not, however, consider the higher latitude the sole cause of this difference. Where the genius of man is crushed, and forced from its natural channel, like the waters of a fountain, it will rise to the level of its outlet in another. Take from American society the exciting interests of political ambition; restrain their bold enterprise by unwise legislation; shackle and repress their free spirit, and they would instinctively seek other spheres of exertion, and consequently become greater proficient in the fine arts. Give free institutions to Italy, and her dazzling musical superiority would gradually sink to an equality with the rest of the world."

The way an extravagant insolent—the Marquis of Santa Gertrudis for example,—settles his affairs, and yet retains sufficient to sustain his family in luxury for years to come, has quite a homelike air. "The creditors are assembled; yearly instalments are agreed on; the extravagant living of the noble family is considered a necessary expenditure, and the majority, usually made up of family or fictitious creditors, force the rebellious claimants to lay down their arms, and enter into private compromises."

The newspaper press, it seems, indulges in the figure of rhetoric known by the name of hyperbole, to a greater extent even than that of our own country. The newspapers of the United States are, therefore, warned to be upon their guard, "for it often excites a smile

with those who are here, to see the apparent or real candor which they exhibit, in repeating the fairy dreams of the Cuban press."

The way the Cuban milkman serves the public seems an improvement on the practice of New York. As we know that the nearer the fountain the purer the stream, so we suspect, that the shorter the interval the better between the coffee and the cow. The cow of Cuba transports the milk herself, so that it is not possible for it to be damaged by any atmosphere, however damp. She goes from door to door, allowing every customer to extract her treasure for himself into his own pitcher.

While we have been setting down these details, we will assume that the reader has mastered the political facts and discussions of the book, and noted especially the total refusal of the imbecile sovereignty at Madrid to receive deputies from Cuba for several years past—that he has observed the ever-growing privations of the people, the countless hateful shapes in which the tyrant's tax encounters and preys upon their substance; that he has marked the impositions levied on a mere change of residence, on trade, sales, salt, stocks, harvests, paper, even on a company or amusement at one's house. Every one abroad after 10 o'clock at night must carry a lantern, and ask leave of every watchman he may meet, or pay a penalty of eight dollars for each neglect. One cannot lodge any but an ordinary inmate in his own house a single night without first informing the authorities of his intention, under a penalty for a violation of the regulation. These and other grinding enormities, producing 24 millions of dollars annual plunder to the government on a surface of the dimensions of the State of New York, we will imagine to have been considered and duly pondered.

And now we ask, if Cuba has not made out a clear title to a change in her condition—to the benefits of the *exceptional law of revolution*. We hear the universal answer, Yes! She has! What shall that change be? Ah! there's the rub. Leon Fragua De Calvo, and the author of the work before us, both reply decidedly, *Union by purchase with the United States*. Señor Saco, a gentleman of distinguished worth and reputation, exiled from Cuba, which he illustrated, by the notorious Tacon, who dishonored it, on the contrary declares for the national independence of the country. While they are zealously and ably arguing, General Lopez, a patriot of no country in particular, but a knight of the South American order of chivalry, casts his sword into the dubious balance, and hopes to decide the contest by a coup de main, but in whose favor, or for whose benefit, it does not yet appear. The cloud of witnesses that was expected to support his action were not present—the witnesses, we mean; the cloud indeed was there, and still rests upon his prospects; and so he has become nonsuited, as the lawyers say, and been condemned in costs.

By the laws of God and nature Cuba has a right to do several things. She has a right to independence above all; and, if she chooses, she also has a right to unite her fortunes with America or Great Britain. But the question is not so much about her rights, as about her powers. She holds her present position, as a dependency of Spain, for very much the same reason that Algiers was allowed so long to play the pirate and Turkey continues still to be a State,—namely, the difficulty of reconciling any alteration with the jealousy of other powers. Spain herself, however, is not, we

apprehend, to be despoiled of her inheritance, as a non compos, yet. Setting her aside, however, for the moment, it will be seen to be no easy matter to dispose of this lovely heiress with an income of twenty-four millions. If reluctant to surrender herself in marriage with England and America, will she be able to maintain her spinsterhood of independence after it is acquired? The acquisition of it will cost a desperate struggle; its permanent support will be another arduous undertaking.

Is the exchange of a Spanish for a British master in the contemplation of any one? Nobody but England can desire it, probably; and yet De Salvo seems little justified in forgetting, as he does, the sleepless jealousy of Great Britain, as well as the strong natural attachment of old Spain to her charming and valuable slave. His reasoning from the weakness of the former, as indicated by late events, can only excite a smile. Still the possibility of her possession of a territory like Cuba, in such dangerous proximity to our coast and commerce, is not to be thought of for a moment. And yet there are obvious and considerable difficulties in the way of union with the United States. We can well conceive that the Cubanese might like to have their slave property repose with that of the South securely under the shadow of our Constitution. But the reconciliation of the interests of the slaveholder with the growing jealousy of the country seems utterly impracticable. Such an event would unquestionably develop the vast, yet hitherto latent, resources of this peerless gem of the West Indies, and bring the African slave trade to an end. But it would also furnish an added quantity to the domestic slave trade and slavery, and it would also seriously disturb the existing balance of power in the Union.

While thus disposing of the territory of Cuba, we are overlooking the important fact, that it is first necessary to make a conquest of the country by bribery, fraud, and force (and we have already seen the denouement of the first adventure of that sort, since the era of the buccaneers); or else purchase the property of Spain with the assent of Cuba herself. But time, we apprehend, is not yet about to strike the hour, either of the emancipation of this wealthy but enslaved vassal of a degenerate master, or of her annexation to America.

THE NEW ASTORIA.

A Letter to the Hon. Horace Mann. By Chas. Astor Bristed, late Foundation Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the Trustees of the Astor Library. H. Kernot.

The Honorable Horace Mann, Representative in Congress from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who has lately been writing a letter to his constituents in demolition of the Webster compromise position, has had the chalice of epistolary denunciation commended to his own lips, in the shape of a letter addressed to him by Mr. Charles Astor Bristed. This letter, not being directed to posterity, like that unfortunate one which provoked Voltaire's satirical doubt as to its ever reaching its destination, but to a Member of the House, has by this time, by due course of post, probably, "come to hand," and in the meantime finds numerous outside readers and commentators, it having been published in pamphlet form by H. Kernot, and being now accessible to all the world at No. 633 Broadway.

Mr. Horace Mann appears to have fairly provoked this very personal and pungent correspondent, Mr. Bristed. In his "Thoughts for Young Men," a little work published not

long ago, and which we regret not being able to lay our hands on at this moment, he commented with severity upon the conduct and example of Mr. John Jacob Astor in reference to his endowment of the Astor Library. According to Mr. Mann's views of property and proprietorship, \$400,000 out of the Astor estate was a very small sum to be given to the public; and it being too late for the public to avail itself of the Twistian expedient, and ask for "more," Mr. Mann, as one of the public, in default of a larger donation, denounces the donor for not giving enough, and according to Mr. Bristed, "represents him as a skinflint, who had no idea beyond his money-bags."

This, perhaps, is more than Mr. Mann intended; but the peculiar gravamen of his charge against Mr. Astor, very apparently consists in a comparison which he instituted between that gentleman and Mr. Stephen Girard, whose munificent and magnificent foundation for orphans in Philadelphia he compares to the recent one of Mr. Astor, to the very great disparagement of the latter.

Now Mr. Astor having died and left his wealth, not "to heirs he knew not who," but duly divided *per stirpes* or *per capita*, as the Surrogate's records will show, amongst his children and grand-children, Mr. Bristed, in behalf of the memory of the departed millionaire and as one of his devisees, comes forward as the champion of his reputation, and breaks a lance with the Massachusetts Congressman, or rather transfixes him, without any complimentary preliminaries of the ancient tournament description.

In the process, Mr. Girard and his bequest come in for a share of the severity of Mr. Mann's correspondent, and are handled somewhat roughly:—

STEPHEN GIRARD AND THE GIRARD COLLEGE.

"Stephen Girard was a native of France, but a citizen, and for many years a resident of Philadelphia. He was a bachelor, and had no near relatives except a brother, with whom he was not on the best terms. He lived unsocially, and was as frugal of the ordinary courtesies of life as of his gold. As a merchant and banker, he accumulated a large fortune, variously estimated, but certainly not less than seven or eight millions of dollars. It does not appear that he ever entertained the idea of distinguishing himself in any other walk of life. Dying without intimate friends, he left his whole property, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, to establish a college for orphans, within the premises appropriated to which no ecclesiastical, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, is ever to be admitted for any purpose. The plan, material, and dimensions of the collegiate buildings were most particularly specified, but insuperable architectural difficulties prevented these directions from being carried out to the letter. To support the roof of the main building, it was necessary to erect a portico of Corinthian columns—a lucky necessity, as it enabled the architect to convert a very plain into a very splendid exterior. For fifteen years the college was in embryo, owing partly to these architectural difficulties, and partly to others, some of which I cannot find prominent allusion to in any of the reports or documents emanating from the institution. There have been rumors of obstinate and protracted litigations, but since about these *κλίεσ ολον ακοιουεν*, I know nothing about them except from hearsay, we may pass them briefly over. One might suspect, without being very superstitious, that these delays were the first judgment of the Almighty on an institution established in defiance of him.

* * * * *

"One word more before taking leave of Stephen Girard. The desire of immortality embraces this world as well as the next. Man longs to perpetu-

ate his name upon earth. Most of us do well to seek to do it in the way alluded to by Plato. Great spirits do it by splendid achievements of genius. Girard was not in a position to continue his name and memory by either of these methods. He had no family; he was not a distinguished man in politics, science, or literature. All his greatness consisted in his fortune. This, and his name in connexion with it, he could preserve only by leaving it for some public object; and the disposition which he did make of it, for the instruction of men's minds to the neglect of their souls, was not exactly the best conceivable, nor the most likely to 'open a fountain of blessedness to the end of time.'

An incidental biographical sketch of Mr. Astor gives us some strong traits of his character, revealing the capacities which enabled him to command and combine the elements of enormous wealth:—

JOHN JACOB ASTOR A SALESMAN AND PROPHET.

"John Jacob Astor, like Stephen Girard, was a foreigner, who settled in this country and made a large fortune by mercantile pursuits. Unlike him, he had a family; unlike him, too, he aspired to be something more than a mere man of business. Though not a liberally educated man, he enjoyed the society of literary men; though possessing no extraordinary means of political information or training, he saw further into the interests, capacities, and destiny of the country of his adoption, than those who were at the head of the government. He had visions of founding a great colony, and these visions were only prevented becoming realities by the short-sightedness of our rulers. It would be superfluous for me to dilate upon the circumstances of his Pacific expedition and settlement: they have already been celebrated by the one man in America most capable of doing them justice. Mr. Astor asked of the government but one sloop of war and a lieutenant's commission for himself; with these he promised to defend the territory since so famous as the Oregon, and he could have done it, for the aborigines there were then our friends. Our government did not see the importance of the region, and suffered it to be captured by the British, and afterwards, under the treaty of joint occupation, to fall virtually into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, who acquired the confidence of and control over the natives. The consequences of this oversight were, first, that during a period of nearly thirty years enormous profits, which would otherwise have accrued to American citizens, flowed into the pockets of British subjects; and, secondly, that at the end of that time the question of disputed territory tore open old wounds, revived the worst animosities which had been rapidly dying away, and nearly involved the two countries in a terrible war. The clear head which would have prevented these losses and mischiefs distinctly foresaw them. After the treaty of Ghent was concluded, Mr. Astor said to his friend, Albert Gallatin, 'I am very much pleased with all that you, gentlemen [the Commissioners], have done, but there are some things which you ought not to have left undone. You should have settled more definitely the question of the Columbia territory.' Mr. Gallatin was a most able and long-headed man, but even he did not appreciate the correctness of his friend's views, and attributed to personal feelings the importance which Mr. A. attached to the subject. He answered with a smile, 'Never mind, Mr. Astor, it will be time enough for our great-grandchildren to talk about that in two hundred years.' 'If we live,' replied the other, 'we shall see trouble about it in less than forty years.' He lived to see his prediction verified within the given time. And this is the man whom you represent as a mere skinflint, who had no idea beyond his money-bags."

Unnecessarily, perhaps, but by way of imparting a flavor to his pamphlet, which it would have been the better if it had lacked, the writer lets the public a little into the

"family feeling," and takes occasion to whip the legal advisers of Mr. Astor, who had the drawing of his will and the quartering of his estate, over those broad shoulders of Horace Mann:—

THE ASTOR WILL AND THE DEVISEES.

"When Mr. Astor found that his efforts for the public benefit were not understood, he did what it would be well if more people did nowadays—he confined himself to his own business, and by it amassed a fortune, stated by his executors to be a little less, but generally presumed to be a little more than eight millions of dollars. Of this he bequeathed the great bulk to his eldest son, a respectable competence to his daughter and grandchildren, fifty thousand dollars to the poor of his native village in Germany, and four hundred thousand for the establishment of a public library in this city.

"It is not generally considered that Mr. Astor's will was in all respects an equitable one, and I certainly should be the last to maintain that it was. I do believe, however, that he intended to provide handsomely for all his near relatives, but that, during the latter years of his life, when his bodily infirmities prevented him from taking note of matters that did not fall immediately under his daily observation at home, he was imposed upon by lawyers and other designing men. Be this as it may, it has nothing to do with the question between us, for you do not blame John Jacob Astor because he left too little to some of his relatives, but because he left anything to any of them."

The gist of the defence, which Mr. Bristed's letter undertook, is contained in the following paragraph, which is just and deserved:—

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

"To return, then, to the Astor Library. It is very easy to sneer at a bequest of 'only half a million, or less than half a million of dollars; words cost nothing, and any man can afford to be liberal of another's property. But I maintain that the endowment is not a despicable one, whether considered positively in itself or comparatively with reference to Mr. Astor's fortune. It is not an every-day occurrence for a man to leave even one sixteenth of his property to the public, and the sum left is sufficient to establish a library much superior to any now existing in the country. And I assert, that the disposition of this money was a particularly good and wise one, and that the institution is eminently calculated to be a benefit and an honor to this city. It is less grand and imposing than the Girard College; there is less of it; but it is also less open to objection, and in some points more calculated to command respect. How, for instance, would the two institutions strike an intelligent foreigner? An Englishman comes here, or is sent here by authority, to observe the state of education and knowledge among us. According to the natural order of things he is a clergyman, education in England being placed almost entirely in the hands of that class. In the one case, he finds a library open to all decent people and well provided with valuable works of all sorts; he is politely received by the accomplished and learned superintendent, and, after seeing all that is to be seen, is informed that the trustees will be much obliged to him if he can, from his special professional knowledge or otherwise, suggest any books which the library ought to, but does not possess. In the other, he has a very fine view of the outside of a grand edifice, which he is not permitted to enter for fear of causing disputes and controversy!"

The rest of the pamphlet branches off into a dissection, and throwing to the dogs, of various propositions and ideas broached in this same "Thoughts for Young Men," and which Mr. Bristed regards as very disreputable and improper thoughts either for a young man, an old man, or a middle-aged man, and especially for Horace Mann. We are mistaken, however, if the somewhat wholesale

denunciations of the letter do not contribute to the sale of the book, and thus give the author a wider field for the dissemination of his dangerous doctrines. Mr. Bristed's review, apart from its bearing on the personal questions disposed of in the commencement of his letter, is vigorous, able, and altogether well done; and the whole tone of his brochure independent and manly. But we devoutly hope that the *cacoethes* of public correspondence, or thinking aloud for the benefit of youth, will not prompt Mr. Mann to a reply. The public can now fold its arms with a satisfied "*audi alteram partem*," and the reputation of John Jacob Astor sleep undisturbed and vindicated.

The United States Exploring Expedition. Vol. IX.

The Races of Man, and their Geographical Distribution. By Charles Pickering, M.D., Member of the Scientific Corps attached to the Expedition. Boston: C. C. Little and Jas. Brown—London: John Brown.

[Fourth Paper.]

WITH most of the nations comprehended in the Eastern branch of the White family readers are well acquainted; and where they are less known, our author, who confines himself chiefly to physical peculiarities, does not give much that can be digested into an interesting connexion; though a batch of items might easily be gathered from it, as it occupies a considerable portion of the work. Suppose we (*haud inexpertus*) try our hand at some.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Of the two divisions of the White race one seems to rule the land and the other the sea; "for the extent of the caravan routes is almost an equivalent to the universal maritime intercourse now attained by Europeans."

The island of *Madeira* was discovered uninhabited in modern times, and colonized by Europeans. The rugged character of the surface greatly impedes intercourse; at San Vincente, on the northern coast, but three travellers had visited the place in four months, and a Catholic priest had grown grey in that single ravine. (We fancy life might slip away not unpleasantly on the south side.) In some secluded situations young persons nearly full grown go naked; it was remarked that "the peasantry, in their conversation and music, habitually use the minor key." (We have noticed this in Scottish Highlanders.)

There are probably nearly one hundred runaway sailors scattered over the Samoan Islands; in native families "they were kept as a sort of pet." Before the arrival of the missionaries a vessel was wrecked on the islands, and the captain advised the crew to take up the profession. They built some churches, and one of them assured Dr. Pickering that he "instructed the natives as well as he knew how."

At the Feejees there was an Irishman, an escaped Australian convict, who had contrived, perhaps by circulating an opinion that he would be found indigestible, to live forty years. He had a hundred wives and forty-seven children.

Jews or Hebrews, Armenians, Assyrians, Moguls, Afghans, Sikhs, Parsees, Arabs, and many Indian tribes are considered as belonging to the Oriental division of the Arabian race.

The Parsees are the living representatives of the Persians of antiquity. They reject image-worship, and pay homage to the elements, holding fire in special reverence; the leading virtue with them is charity. At Bombay they are the most prominent class of native population, and vie with the English in country seats, equipages, and costly furniture.

They excel in ship-building, and have built several ships of the line for the English Government, which are considered master-pieces.

In all Mahometan cities the continual invocations to prayer enjoined by that faith produce a general and deep sense of the immediate guardianship of the Deity. Dr. Pickering observed this particularly at Macha.

At Singapore were seen representatives of no less than eight of the races;—the White, Mongolian, Malayan, Telangan, Negrillo, Negro, Abyssinian, and Papuan (the Veindovi, brought by the Expedition from the Feejees). The Ethiopian was probably present in some of the mixed Arabs. Probably no such other spot could be found on the Globe.

"The usual estimates of the population of the Globe vary from eight hundred to a thousand millions; and taking the mean, the human family would seem to be distributed among the races in something like the following proportions:—"

The White,	350,000,000
" Mongolian, . . .	300,000,000
" Malayan,	120,000,000
" Telangan,	60,000,000
" Negro,	55,000,000
" Ethiopian,	5,000,000
" Abyssinian,	3,000,000
" Papuan,	3,000,000
" Negrillo,	3,000,000
" Australian,	500,000
" Hottentot,	500,000

In Hindostan neither the English language nor the Roman letters make any progress. Among the native population newspapers are printed in five or six different alphabets, and in still greater variety of languages.

The literature of the Malay nation, a little to the west of the Celebes, contains a translation of the fables of *Æsop*.

The Feejees, although so barbarous, are good cultivators of the soil. They have pantomimes with clowns, a regular system of mythology, oracles, and a calendar.

The Polynesians "belong to a wave of migration that preceded the invention of letters." The strict adherence to truth among portions of this family results from their simplicity, falsehood being considered rather as an error of judgment than as a fault.

It is a singular fact that the custom of scalping should have been described in *Herodotus*, *Melpomene* 64.

LIFE IN THE EAST INDIES.

Leaving Dr. Pickering's interesting speculations upon the migrations of the races, which are too extended, and, from the nature of the subject, too inconclusive for abridgment, we find some particulars of four East India Tribes, so curious that they are worth giving nearly entire. First we have an account of

THE BATTAS OF SUMATRA.

These inhabit the interior of the island. They "cultivate the soil, have a division of landed property, a regular system of laws and government, an alphabet and a literature of their own: and yet they not only eat their parents (a custom among other East India tribes, and mentioned even by *Herodotus*); but they seem literally to devour them alive.

"Marsden (see *Leyden, Asiatic Researches*, vol. x. p. 202) confines their cannibalism to two cases, that of persons condemned for crimes, and that of prisoners of war; but they themselves declare, that they frequently eat their own relations when aged and infirm, and that, not so much to gratify their appetite, as to perform a pious ceremony. Thus when a

man becomes infirm and weary of the world, he is said to invite his own children to eat him, in the season when salt and limes are cheapest. He then ascends a tree, round which his friends and offspring assemble, and as they shake the tree, joins in a funeral dirge, the import of which is, 'The season is come, —the fruit is ripe, and it must descend.' The victim descends, and those that are nearest and dearest to him deprive him of life, and devour his remains in a most solemn banquet."

Major Canning (another authority quoted by Dr. Pickering) gives the following as part of the testimony of "a native chief selected indiscriminately from an assembly of several" at the house of the official resident at Tappanooly.

Q. "I understand the practice of eating prisoners taken in war, also malefactors convicted of certain crimes, is prevalent in the Batta country; were you ever personally present at such a repast?"

A. "The custom you mention is prevalent throughout the Batta country, and I have been more than once present when it has been put in practice."

Q. "Describe what takes place on such occasions."

A. "Three posts are fixed in the ground; to the middle one the body of the prisoner or criminal is made fast, while his arms and legs are extended to the two others. (The narrator and other chiefs present, here simultaneously made with their arms and legs the figure of St. Andrew's cross.) On a signal being given, every one entitled to a share in the feast rushes on him with hatchets and knives, and many with no other instruments than their teeth and nails. He is thus in a few minutes entirely cut and torn to pieces, and I have seen the guests so keen at a repast of this description as severely to wound each other's hands and fingers. A mixture of lime-juice, salt, and chillies, prepared in the shell of a coconut, is always at hand on these occasions, in which many dip the flesh previous to eating it."

Q. "Then the prisoner is not previously put to death, but devoured alive and piecemeal?"

A. "The first wounds he receives are from the hatchets, knives, and teeth of his assailants, but these are so numerous and simultaneous as to cause almost immediate death."

All the other chiefs present more than once joined with him in these answers; which left little room to doubt that, to most of them at least, such scenes were familiar.

In the course of several years' experience of Life in New York, we have never heard of any individual being disposed of quite so summarily.

THE WILD PEOPLE OF CERAM.

The Alforses inhabiting the interior of Ceram, live in the tops of the Wasinje and other high trees with wide branches; "and each tree is the habitation of a whole family. They adopt this mode because they dare not trust even those of their own nation; as they surprise each other during the night, and kill whoever they can lay hold of."

This might truly be described as a "surprising people." But the account of the Forest Tribe of the Malay Peninsula is yet more wonderful. They are styled

THE ORIGINAL PEOPLE.

(It seems there is a branch of this great family in Asia. We have some members of it in New York; and Boston is overrun with them. There they edit a Review. In reading the following account one may trace a coincidence between our Original People and the

Malay tribe, in what is said of their language, and especially of their religion.)

"The Original People live in the dead of the forest. They never come down to the villages for fear of meeting any one. They live on the fruits of the forest, and what they take in hunting, and neither sow nor plant. When a young man and woman have engaged to marry, they proceed to a hillock; the woman first runs round it three times, when the man pursues; if he can get hold of her she becomes his wife, otherwise the marriage does not take place, and they return to their respective families. Their language is not understood by any one; they lip their words, the sound of which is like the noise of birds, and their utterance is very indistinct. They have neither king nor chief of any kind; but there is one man whom they style Puyung, to whom they refer all their requests and complaints, and they invariably adopt his decision.

"They have no religion; no idea of a Supreme Being, creation of the world, soul of man, sin, heaven, hell, angels, day of judgment. They have no priests: the Puyung instructs them in matters relative to sorcery, ghosts, and evil spirits, in the belief of which they are all influenced. They never quarrel or go to war with another tribe. In sickness they use the roots and leaves of trees as medicines. When one of them dies the head only is buried; the body is eaten by the people, who collect in large numbers for that purpose."

This account is from a printed sheet obtained at Singapore.

THE WILD PEOPLE OF BORNEO.

These are described by Dalton in the *Singapore Chronicle*, 1831:—

"Further towards the north are to be found men living absolutely in a state of nature; who neither cultivate the ground nor live in huts; who neither eat rice nor salt, and who do not associate with each other; but rove about some woods like wild beasts. The sexes meet in the jungle, or the man carries away a woman from some company. When the children are old enough to shift for themselves, they usually separate, neither one afterwards thinking of the other. At night they sleep under some large tree, the branches of which hang low; on these they fasten the children in a kind of swing. Around the tree they make a fire to keep off the wild beasts and snakes. They cover themselves with a piece of bark, and in this also they wrap their children. It is soft and warm, but will not keep out the rain.

"These poor creatures are looked upon and treated by the Dayaks as wild beasts. Hunting parties of twenty-five and thirty go out and amuse themselves with shooting at the children in the trees with the sumpit, the same as monkeys, from which they are not easily distinguished. The men taken in these excursions are invariably killed, and the women commonly spared, if they are young. It is somewhat remarkable, that the children of these wild people cannot be sufficiently tamed to be intrusted with their liberty. Solgie told me he never recollected an instance when they did not escape to the jungle the very first opportunity, notwithstanding many of them had been treated kindly for years. The consequence is, all the chiefs, who call themselves civilized, no sooner take them but they cut off a foot, sticking the stump in a bamboo of molten damar; their escape is thus prevented, and their services in paddling canoes retained. An old Dayak loves to dwell upon his success on these hunting excursions; and the terror of the women and children when taken, affords a

fruitful theme of amusement at all their meetings." The following additional information is, however, somewhat unexpected. After speaking of the excellence of the iron and steel of the interior of Borneo, and of the extent of its manufacture among the Dayak tribes, Dalton continues: "Those men whom I have noticed, living in a state of nature, building no habitations of any kind, and eating nothing but fruits, snakes, and monkeys, yet procure this excellent iron, and make blades sought after by every Dayak; who, in their hunting excursions, have in view the possession of the poor creature's spear, or mardon, as much as his head, improbable as it may appear."

This tribe seems to be the connecting link between man and the ape; and their eating monkeys seems an approach to cannibalism. They seem to carry out some of the great principles of Communism to the fullest extent; having the least personal property, recognising no right of individual ownership in land ("God's Earth," as it is sometimes profanely called by some of the race to whom he gave it), and in the social relations yielding entirely to the "passional attractions." Happy people!

Dr. Pickering concludes his work with some zoological deductions, the principal of which are, that man "is essentially a production of the tropics, and there has been a time when the human family had not strayed beyond these geographical limits." And finally, he says: "There is, I conceive, no middle ground between the admission of eleven distinct species in the human family, and the reduction to one. The latter opinion, from analogy with the rest of the organic world, implies a central point of origin. Further, zoological considerations, if they do not absolutely require it, seem most to favor a centre on the African continent."

The volume ends with a full catalogue of the introduced plants of the different countries of the world, prepared with a view to lead the way to a better knowledge of the migration of races, and at an evident expense of learning and study which very few in our superficial days will think the subject of sufficient importance to demand. In our notice of the work we have confined ourselves to culling such picturesque scenes and curious facts as might be supposed to interest general readers. Besides such matter it contains most elaborate speculation, philosophical comparison, and collection of observations; and though by no means clear in style, and often cumbrous in detail, it is on the whole one of the most interesting results of the expedition—worthy the author's reputation as a philologist, and a valuable contribution to ethnological science.

SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL.

THE May number contains, among other articles, a Memoir of Walter Folger, of Nantucket, by the Hon. Wm. Mitchell, an Essay on the application of Photography to the Registration of Magnetic Phenomena, by Captain Lefroy, of the Magnetical Observatory at Toronto, and an Analytical Inquiry into the expansion of Elastic Fluids. Mr. Dana contributes an article on the Volcanic eruptions in the Hawaii, with a capital description of the famous crater of Kilauea, in that island, and a history of its convulsions.

An article on Mr. Kirkwood's Analogy in the periods of Rotation of the Primary planets, contains a letter from Mr. K., dated Jan. 23d, 1850, giving a history of his fine discovery. He says:—

"My first notions in regard to the existence of an unknown law regulating the revolutions

of the planets on their axes, date some time previous to the commencement of 1839. No investigation of the subject, however, was undertaken until the spring or summer of that year, when, on reading Young's *Mechanics*, I was struck by the remarks at the 204th page, in support of the conjecture that both the progressive and rotary motion of the heavenly bodies were originally communicated by the same impulse. . . . Having determined to give the subject my earnest attention, I commenced by calculating the distance from the centre of each planet to the point at which according to the known laws of dynamics the projectile force must have been impressed. These distances I compared with each other in a great variety of ways. Failing thus, however, to detect any relationship between the different members of the system, I abandoned this hypothesis as hopeless. . . .

At length, as the only remaining source of hope, I took up the nebular hypothesis of Laplace. This was in 1846. . . . I had not long been engaged in my researches on the nebular hypothesis, when the diameter of the sphere of attraction presented itself to my mind as a probable element of the law sought. Further consideration of the subject led to the conjecture that the ratio of the angular velocity of translation to that of rotation, or which is the same thing, the number of a planet's days in its year, might be an element. Finally, on the 12th of August, 1848, I obtained the simple analogy announced a few months since, in my letter to Mr. S. C. Walker: My delight, as I applied it to the different planets in succession, and found its wonderful agreement with the known elements of the system, may well be imagined."

Prof. Agassiz's paper on the Natural relations between Animals and the elements in which they live, gives proof of his genius and remarkable insight into the harmonies of the animated creation. We are told that the habitation of animals was the basis of classification among the earlier naturalists; but that since the great discoveries in Comparative Anatomy, anatomical structure was considered the only legitimate basis for a really natural division into families, genera, and species. The mere habits of the animal, whether aquatic or terrestrial, were disregarded, unless the organization was modified. In order to ascertain the value of this test among the secondary groups of animals, a complete survey of the entire field is made, and the following conclusion reached:—"That in all the four great types of the animal kingdom, the aquatic groups stand, in natural classification, lower than the terrestrial, and that this connexion is so intimate as to extend even to the subdivisions."

The type of Radiated Animals is shown to be by this test the lowest of all. After admirably discriminating the characteristics of this order of living beings, and rejecting all but the three classes of "Polypi lowest, next Medusæ, and highest, Echinoderms," Prof. Agassiz states that these truly radiate animals are "not only all aquatic, but with a single exception of the genus *Hydra*, all strictly marine." So foreign is the plan of this radiate organization to terrestrial or fluviatile condition, that very many of these animals are instantaneously killed by the contact of fresh water, and decompose with astonishing rapidity.

In the type of Mollusca, a large number of fluviatile animals occur, and not a few terrestrial exist. Among the snails the development of the terrestrial species is shown to be higher than the fluviatile, and these higher

than the marine. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that the highest class among the mollusca, the cuttle fishes, are exclusively marine. But this is accounted for by animals of this class belonging to the earlier geological eras, when the ocean covered more of the globe than at present, and its inhabitants were of course suited to that condition.

The same laws are illustrated through the classes and families of the articulate type. Here is found in the insects, the highest class of the type, creatures which in perfect form are aerial, and though in the lower stages sometimes fluviatile, but very seldom marine.

Another circumstance alluded to is the relative bulk of animals living in different media, and it is shown by a comparison in all the great types, except the radiate, where none can be made, that as a general rule marine representatives among the secondary groups, are larger than their fresh water relatives, and these again than terrestrial. Among the vertebrate animals, though the fishes are not more bulky than the other forms, yet on a review of the secondary groups the same proportion as to size is found.

After a comparison of several of the families of the order of vertebrate animals, Prof. A. concludes by saying that this type is "constructed for a terrestrial and aerial mode of life; even their aquatic representatives have no elements of the apparatus which acquire the highest development in the complete terrestrial types, and most of their aquatic types are truly aerial animals, living in water, just as insects are aquatic types adapted to the air. Cetacea have a pulmonary mode of life as much as man; they have the same mode of reproduction, only their form enables them to dive under water, and to dwell permanently in the sea; but for all their structure they are truly aerial animals. And this is equally the case with Birds and Reptiles; and with the Fishes I am prepared to show that there is no difference in this respect. For though in their perfect state fishes are exclusively aquatic, they are completely built upon the same plan with those aerial classes of Vertebrata. The difference here is only this, that the branchial apparatus which exists simultaneously in Reptiles, Birds, and Mammalia, in their imperfect condition, is developed to be a permanent organ of respiration, while it is reduced and disappears in the higher classes in proportion as the lungs acquire a greater development. In Fishes, on the contrary, the homologue of the lung remains functionally and organically in a rudimentary state, as an air bladder. But all classes have both apparatuses in an inverse state of development, and thus Fishes are as fully constructed on the plan of the higher vertebrata, as the aerial invertebrata are on the plan of their aquatic types."

It is clear that this test of relative position among animals ought not to be disregarded, and, like considerations drawn from embryology, it is entitled to weight in the classification of animals within certain limits. In reading the articles in question we were struck by the clearness with which Prof. Agassiz decides the value of each subordinate distinction, and recognises the plan on which each creature is constructed, and its affinities and relations with others.

Mrs. Herbert, the Bedchamber woman, going (to court) in a hackney chair, the chairmen were excessively drunk, and, after tossing and jolting her for some minutes, set the chair down; and the foreman, lifting up the top, said, "Madam, you are so drunk, that if you do not sit still it will be impossible to carry you."—*Horace Walpole*.

From Fraser's London Magazine.

A WEDDING "ABOVE BLEECKER."

BY A NEW YORKER.

THE first thing, as a general rule, that a young Gothamite does is to get a horse; the second, to get a wife. Having, therefore, seen Henry Benson on the road, it naturally follows in order that we should go to see him married.

A fashionable marriage is an event to honor which all nature and all art are expected to put on their best face, and present themselves in their brightest colors. You go to such a wedding prepared to see the nicest kind of people under the most favorable circumstances. Accordingly, whereas in my last we found it necessary to mention Bowery Boys and newspaper editors, and various other low characters, not to speak of our friend Tibbets Schuyler, who is decidedly "second set," I shall, on the present occasion, introduce you to none but the real respectable, fashionable, exquisite part of New York society, the very cream of the cream; and if you find them very slow, it isn't my fault. I have an idea that fashionable people are stupid all over the world, even when they are fastest.

It is mid-winter still, and there is snow on the ground; but the sleighing is not so good as it was, and the state of the streets admits of "wheeling." Wheeling Benson is not in the ancient olive chariot which he usually does his grandfather the honor to borrow when going out, for to-night the old gentleman is going out himself; but in the neat claret brougham of his first groomsmen, Philip Van Horne, under whose auspices and comfort he is about to go through an awful ceremony at eight P. M.; that is to say, in about twenty-five minutes from the present time.

It is the ceremony of matrimony.

Henry was an orphan. This condition is in most parts of the world supposed to render a young man an object of pity and compassion; but in America it is deemed peculiarly desirable, as it puts him into possession of his fortune immediately on attaining his majority, and relieves him from even the semblance of authoritative interference with his movements after that epoch. So far as he can be said to have any home (for he has been very much in a state of transit and travel for the last four years, ever since he graduated at Columbia College), he lives with his maternal grandfather, Mr. Backus, in New York, during the winter, and at his brother Carl's country-seat on the Hudson in summer. When a young man of independent means is thus afloat on the world, his friends think it desirable to get him married as soon as possible, for the same reason that a boy is often sent to school—to keep him out of mischief. So when Henry came back from the Rhine one spring, and in the natural course of things was expected at Ravenswood (which, by the way, had never had a raven within ten miles of it), Carl took care to have proper relays of young ladies provided on visits of a week or a fortnight each, ostensibly as company to Miss Benson, who had come out last winter; but it was known perfectly by all the dear creatures who came that Carl Benson had a brother to dispose of. Three damsels came successively, and walked, and sailed, and rode and drove, and went through all the proper business with Henry, the accompanying papas or mamas and Mr. and Mrs. Carl always taking care to keep at a respectful distance. And the three damsels departed successively, but not successfully, so far as the impression on either side is concerned. But when the fourth

came, Harry finding her an undeniable beauty, and clever to boot, and knowing that she was an heiress to some extent, and that there was no mother-in-law (an immense point), very speedily "concluded to invest," as Tibbets Schuyler would have phrased it, in case the young lady acceded. And, somehow or other, Clara Vanderlyn also came to the conclusion that Henry Benson was rich enough and handsome enough for her, and that he was a very proper and virtuous young man, and had a positive reputation for literary attainments. Not that she valued the last for its own sake, since she seldom read anything more profound than a novel, but she esteemed it as a helping to give a man *clat*; and, on the whole, decided that he was a very eligible match. Perhaps her decision was accelerated by the information conveyed in a letter from a friend at Oldport Springs, that her contemporary and rival *belle*, Miss de Lancey, had been cutting a great dash there, and was positively engaged to a rich Bostonian. Soon the young people began to look very understandingly at each other, and to make those mutual confidences of the eyes which express so much more than can be said in words; and the Vanderlyns were easily persuaded to stay another week; and it was hinted very early in the fall that there was something between Mr. Benson and Miss Vanderlyn; and as soon as they returned to the city, attentive friends kept asking them and their relatives "if they were not engaged;" and when at last one fine day in the Indian summer (a delightful appendage to the warm weather which the northern states enjoy in November), the two were seen walking arm-in-arm down Broadway, nobody was the least surprised at it.

Harry is to be married, then, to-night, and he is going for that purpose—to church? No, to the house of his father-in-law.

Mr. Vanderlyn's house is distant from that of old Backus about half a mile north-westerly, and situated on the corner of one of the long, broad avenues, that intersect the upper part of the city longitudinally, and one of the widest of the numerous cross streets, which in this quarter are wide and narrow in proportion of about one to eight. The corner is a favorite situation. Why should it be thought desirable to have the dust and noise of two streets instead of one? A Frenchman or German disposed to theorize on local peculiarities would say it was owing to the business habits of the New Yorkers; that a "corner lot" being more valuable for a shop or a warehouse, thus came by force of association to be considered equally so for a private dwelling. But there is a more natural and very appreciable reason for the preference. As the houses are built close against each other, with the main rooms three deep on a floor, the middle room of the three in each story is dark, having no means of illumination from without, except when the position of the house at a corner affords a side light. The street on which one side of Mr. Vanderlyn's dwelling stands is a fashionably built and inhabited street, and the avenue on which it fronts is the fashionable avenue. Three streets to the east there is one fully as broad and convenient, and two streets to the west another; but that on the east is decidedly second-rate in point of fashion, and that on the west literally nowhere, there not being a house belonging to "any of us" in it. The general course of fashion has been necessarily northward; as the city, built on a narrow island, cannot expand laterally, with a

slight inclination westward. But many accidents help to make a particular quarter fashionable. In the present instance, Vanderlyn and two or three of his friends happened to own land here, built on it, and were influential enough to draw other friends round them and give a name and reputation to the avenue. Similar attempts are continually made, and frequently without success. The upper part of the city is dotted over with little spots which have tried to be fashionable places and couldn't be. This is particularly the case with the portion "above Bleecker Street," which street is familiarly taken, though not with strict correctness, as a boundary between the business and pleasure quarters of the town.

The house is built of brick; not, however, the flaring vermilion, with each individual brick picked out in white-lead, which disfigures a great part of New York (though it is not quite *all* red brick like Philadelphia), but a dark brown, nearly corresponding in color to the thin veneering, as it were, of stone, which covers the front on the avenue. This same stone front presents rather an imposing appearance when you are right before it, but seen together with the brick gable on the street it exhibits a contrast of material which, notwithstanding the similarity of color, is far from agreeable to the eye. Old Vanderlyn is a man of taste; consideration either of economy or of conformity to the popular want of taste must have led him to adopt this common incongruity.

Benson and Van Horne are ascending the steps. Let us go in with them, and you will see an average house of the first class, not such a one as a millionaire occasionally half ruins himself by building and furnishing to make a new lion for the town; but a fair type of a New York gentleman's house, equal to the majority of those at which you will visit or dance during a season. It has been hinted more than once that land in fashionable localities is expensive, and the Gothamites, when they build, are consequently economical of ground. A "lot" of the ordinary size is twenty-five feet front by a hundred deep. The desire to make one house a *little* superior to the ordinary standard has caused many of the lots in the newer and more fashionable streets to be arranged, wherever the size of the "blocks" would admit it, with fronts of twenty-six or twenty-seven feet. It will be evident that such a width allows only one front room along-side of the not very wide hall: the house can only be extended perpendicularly and longitudinally.

Thus Mr. Vanderlyn's twenty-six feet are carried up into four pretty tall stories, and back over nearly seventy feet of the hundred which the lot contains, leaving the smallest possible quantity of yard, but allowing three rooms *en suite* on each floor. One inconvenience of this arrangement is, that either your hall shrinks into very small dimensions—becomes, in fact, merely two landing-places—or you must dispense with a private staircase altogether. Mr. Vanderlyn has chosen the latter alternative, and up and down a single steep and narrow flight of stairs, whenever the Vanderlyns give a party, every one has to tramp on entering and retiring, for all the cloaking and unclanking must be done in the bedrooms, as there is no place for it elsewhere. Very inconvenient, you will say; but use is second nature, and the New Yorkers are so used to this climbing and swarming on the stairs, that even in a *double house*, or a *house and a half*, or a *basement house*, three different

styles, which would all admit of cloaking-rooms on the lower floor, no one ever thinks of having them there.

Benson is now to become an inmate of the house where he has been so often of late a guest, for it is the invariable custom that the young couple shall reside with the bride's father for the first four or six months. Indeed he may already be said to have taken up his quarters there. This morning his valet came round; for Harry has just set up a valet, a sort of an English-Irishman, who makes it his principal business to quarrel with all the other servants wherever he is; and this important personage brought over various preliminary instalments of Mr. Benson,—seven coats and twelve pair of trousers, and about thirty waistcoats, no end of linen, and carpet bags full of boots, a gorgeous dressing-gown and Turkish slippers, and smoking cap, and cigars numerous, and all sorts of paraphernalia generally, until the little dressing-room adjoining the nuptial chamber is overflowing with foppery. And now as the happy man pauses on the second flight of stairs he cannot help casting a glance at the door of the front room on the second story, for he hears the flutter of female voices and dresses, and knows that his bride is there. Yes, in that room she is contemplating herself before a pier-glass with her six bridesmaids hovering around her, and making the last suggestions and arrangements about her dress.

Clara Vanderlyn, or Clara Benson we may call her now without much anticipation, is a New York *belle* and beauty. The terms are not by any means synonymous, though in her case both attractions happen to be united. But when I speak of her as a beauty, you must dismiss all ideas of voluptuousness, commanding figure, Juno mien, and the like, and summon up all such associations as you have been accustomed to connect with the words *syph* and *fairy*. You could not call her a "fine" or a "striking" woman, for she stands about five feet one, and probably weighs less than a hundred pounds; but you must own that she is a very lovely one. Her complexion is a pure blonde, the most exquisite combination of red and white; and her hair, that "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," which poets love to rave of, and painters are always trying to paint. Her features are delicate and regular; her nose very slightly aquiline, with the thin blood-horse nostril, which is supposed to be aristocratic; her throat and chin beautifully rounded; her mouth small and tempting, yet with an expression of firmness at the corners, which to the close observer denotes no want of spirit; her eyes are the clearest blue, neither large nor languishing—they might not attract much attention by themselves, but are marvellously suited to the rest of her face, and give the signal for the ineffable smiles which, whenever she is thoroughly pleased, sparkle out suddenly over her whole countenance, and light up those beautiful and expressive features, until

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

As to her dress, it is all white of course, a delicate wreath of orange blossoms (white roses are trying to any woman, but especially to a small woman), a profusion of the finest lace—but no ornaments of any kind. What jewelry she has—and it is not a great deal—is displayed on a table in the little cedar-closeted passage that serves her for a dressing-room, along with all the handkerchiefs, and fans, and small articles of plate, and various

knick-knacks that she has received from her friends and relations; and they will all be inspected to-night by the curious ladies, who take advantage of such an opportunity to criticise everything in the house, from the new chandeliers to the bride's night-cap.

All this we see by our privilege. Harry sees nothing of it as yet. He passes on to the third story front room, enters the open door with Van Horne close at his heels, and finds himself in the presence of a large bowl of punch and his second groomsmen and first cousin, Gerard Ludlow. There are plenty of mirrors and candles about, and a great display of toilet apparatus, in case the young men need to complete their Adonisisation.

You couldn't do much more to the bridegroom, for he is got up to kill. His mulberry-blue coat, resplendent with gilt buttons, and white satin skirt lining, fits him as if he had been moulded and cast into it. His white watered satin waistcoat, which descends about three inches lower than if it were the work of an English tailor, is set off by a heavy gold chain, streaming down from a little watch-pocket under his left arm to the lowest button-hole, into which it hooks. Surely he has appropriated some of what should be his wife's jewellery, for in that very embroidered cambric shirt of his sparkle three splendid diamonds set in dark blue enamel. He has stolen a bit of her lace to finish off that flourishing white tie. His pantaloons are a triumph of art, and his supernaturally fitting boots are—not patent leather, but (a wrinkle worth noting) thin French calf, carefully varnished afresh from day to day. He has pulled off one glove, and is playing with it to show his little white hand and a fine sapphire which he has had cut into a seal ring.

Grand as he is, Ludlow is a touch above him. He has a grander tie, more embroidery, larger diamond studs, and for watch-chain an enamelled snake with a head of opals and rubies. But Gerard is a magnificent fellow, and can carry off any amount of dress. If there were only some ornamental service, like the Guards, in New York, he would become it grandly; having no such resource, he drives stylish equipages (belonging to other people), gives and goes to *recherché* little dinners, and dances the polka and redowa in the intervals; by which contrivances he manages to pass his time agreeably and ornamentally. He is two years younger than Henry: though not precisely of like tastes, they are much attached to each other; indeed, the only things which ever alloy the good feeling between them is a slight family likeness, sometimes remarked by strangers, to the annoyance of both. For Gerard, who is nearly half a foot taller than Harry, thinks himself at least proportionably handsomer, which he is; and Harry thinks that he knows three times as much as Gerard, and shows it in his face, which he does: so neither of them is flattered by the resemblance. By the way, did you ever know two persons who were? Gerard's father allows him twenty-five hundred a year (*dollars*, always remember) and he lives at the rate of eight thousand, partly by tick, partly on his brothers and acquaintances; for he is so generous and affable, and altogether so gentlemanly a fellow, that it is a pleasure to oblige him; and some day he will be a rich man and repay all his hospitalities and kindnesses with interest. Moreover, it should be mentioned in justice to him, that, with all his luxurious and spendthrift habits, he is free from any vicious propensity, drinks mo-

derately, eschews gambling, and has no female acquaintance whom he would be ashamed to acknowledge before ladies.

And now it would not be respectful to postpone any longer our mention of Phil. Van Horne, the oldest and richest of the groomsmen. A genuine Knickerbocker from the start, in the enjoyment of hereditary wealth, and fortunately without any turn for dissipation, he began by educating himself thoroughly, according to the American notion of the thing,—that is to say, he learned a little of everything. He studied law for six months after leaving college, and attended medical lectures for a year, and once contributed to a mathematical journal. He is an amateur performer on two or three instruments, and sketches rather prettily, and has mastered the common-places of three or four modern languages. But all these accomplishments being grafted upon a certain native Dutch solidity, he is by no means forward to display them, and will always let the rest of the company do the talking, unless you take considerable trouble to stir him up and put him through his paces. Perhaps it is this same disposition which has caused him to remain a bachelor till the mature age of thirty, though greatly sought after for his wealth, and connexions, and abilities, and good habits (the money first and the virtue last: I believe we have enumerated the desirable qualities in their proper order). He is now an inveterate groomsmen, having assisted at half-a-dozen similar occasions within the last three years; indeed, it is considered quite the thing to call on Phil. for his services, for he is tall and good-looking, and decidedly ornamental, in addition to his other merits.

Here come the other groomsmen, Sedley and Laurence, Jones and Robinson. Very young men they are,—boys they would be called elsewhere. Sedley is a sucking barrister, sharp, spiteful, and loquacious; Jones makes believe to be a clerk to his father, a well-known Wall-street broker; Laurence and Robinson are not long out of college, and have not exactly made up their minds what they shall be; their present occupation is chiefly dancing the polka. One resemblance you will observe in all the six: they have blue coats with gilt buttons, and their waistcoats are of the same pattern with Benson's, as if he had put them into his livery for the occasion; and so he has in a sense, for he gave them coats and waistcoats. Methinks this custom is somewhat snobbish, and might with propriety be abolished.

Benson is fidgeting slightly, and looking at his watch about once every three seconds; Ludlow and Sedley are chaffing him mildly; the other three are practising a polka step,—the natural resource of a young Gothamite when he has nothing else to do. A servant announces that "the ladies are ready;" Van Horne, with a very serious face, ladles out a full tumbler of punch and hands it over to Harry, who disposes of it rapidly. Then they hasten down to the second story, where each man picks up his lady on his arm in passing; and so the party of twelve sail down into the middle parlor of the first floor,—the folding doors on each side of which are closed. In the front parlor both families are attendant, to the number of sixty, of all ages; from old Backus, who never stirs out except to see one of his grand-children married, to the Master Vanderlyns, two promising collegians of fourteen and sixteen, who look up with intense respect to their new brother as a man who has been abroad and owns a fast trotter. As soon as

the bridal party is arranged in a semicircle, filling up about half the room, the folding-doors are thrown open, and the company have a very pretty *tableau* fronting them. Van Horne stands on Benson's right—it would not do to have the stately Gerard too near his less lofty cousin—and then the little men taper off down to Robinson, who looks hardly older or larger than the elder Master Vanderlyn, notwithstanding his white tie. The bride, on her part, is admirably supported by her maidens. On her left is Miss Benson, a stylish brunette, with a half Egyptian head and swimming black eyes: she looks like a poetess, but is in reality remarkable for nothing so much as her common sense and management. Next her is Miss Alice Vanderlyn, a somewhat larger and coarser edition of the bride, very good-natured and lively, and, on the whole, excellent *belle* material, though not a remarkable beauty. And then come four more Misses, very pretty and proper, whom we will not dwell upon more particularly.

And now advances into the semicircular space between the two groups Dr. Marbury, the officiating minister. *Parson and port* is not the alliteration for New York; it is *Minister and madeira*. The doctor presides over the most respectable church in the city. Everything is respectable about it; the Doctor himself and his congregation, and the architect and organist, and the prim, pompous, ponderous (male) pew-opener, even to the "respectable, aged, indigent females," who are among the objects of its charity. Such clergymen are apt to love good dinners as well as theology. So say, at any rate, the Presbyterian and Methodist preachers, who shun wine-like poison, and wear long faces, and don't wear black coats; at least, not black overcoats, but, between you and me, I think it's all their spite. I know the doctor to be a very good and pious man; to say that he cannot excite spiritual concern in a hardened and worldly congregation is only to say that he is not a Whitefield or a Wesley. And as to the edibles and potatoes, he might tell you that it was flat blasphemy to hold that all the good things of this life are sacred to the evil one.

The marriage service has been completed about five minutes, and people are crowding unmeaningly round the bride and bridegroom, making them formal congratulations, when a shrill whistle is heard without, and the door-bell rings, and straightway the six groomsmen rush out into the hall, for the company are coming. Company? What company? Why, my unsophisticated reader, only the two families were asked to the wedding; but all the fashionables of New York, some seven hundred strong, were asked to the reception. And the manner of the reception is this. As the successive arrivals descend from—not their carriages, but the rooms up stairs—the ladies are taken from their gentlemen by the groomsmen, and carried up to the bride to be presented to Mrs. Benson. A pretty amount of locomotion these six young gentlemen have to do for the next two hours, and a hard task it is for the bride to stand up all that time to be looked at. But she seems to bear it very well, and at any rate it is her own fault. Harry wished for nothing less than to expose her to this fatigue; but it was all the fashion to have receptions, and she would have one.

At last, just before eleven, the folding doors of the third parlor are opened and the

young couple walk in to supper. The groomsmen and bridesmaids follow in order, and then there is a general rush. Let us take a bumper of the Vanderlyn madeira and evaporate. The glare of these hard polished white walls makes one's eyes ache. We shall not lose sight of Henry and Clara for a very long time. Just one week from to-day one of the Backuses gives them a dinner-party, and the rest of their honeymoon will be a round of invitations. Rather soon to appear in public, isn't it? But repose is not a natural state to an American man, still less to an American woman. They like to be continually on the move.

THE LAST DESCENT.

(From the Paris Correspondence of the London Atlas.)

WE are losing all our popular celebrities one by one. No sooner have we ceased mourning the demise of poor Pierre Legrand, the King of the Chiffoniers, than we are greeted with the sad news of the death of another of the street heroes of the people. Poor Carambole is dead! the truest *enfant de Paris* who ever donned a blouse and sabots; a very embodiment of the sprite-like, elfish, untangible *gamin*, peculiar to the soil and clime of our great city. He was the life and soul of the Boulevards, and from one end to the other was he hailed as their liege lord and sovereign. His *bon mots* and brilliant sayings have been thought worthy of being claimed by many of the most professed *beaux esprits* of Paris, who were not ashamed to appropriate to themselves the only thing poor Carambole could call his own, the only means by which he lived, the produce of his own wits. Lest in his most tender infancy to shift for himself, a vagrant on the public way, Carambole had essayed a little of almost every trade under heaven. He had sold everything along the Boulevards, and knew every flag-stone of this pavement, as he used to say, as well as his own pocket.

He had danced on stilts at the Chateau d'Eau until he fell lame from a sprain occasioned by twisting his ancle when the stilts got fixed between two paving-stones; he had hawked newspapers until his voice was completely broken with bawling the *Voix des Femmes* and the *Cri des Nations*; his neck was twisted from carrying too heavy a load once; and several fingers had been blown off from his eagerness in running first to pick up the exploded shells after the artillery practice at the Polygone. His employment had varied according to the time and season. He might have been a living chronicler of the epoch; he had his moral history of the streets of Paris at his fingers' ends; he might have been of the greatest use to our new deputy in the combination of his *Mystères du Peuple*. Who knows what great destinies were yet in store for Carambole if he had not been taken up in a chance-medley affray and imprisoned at La Roquette amongst the *jeunes détenus*, the prison for the reformation of the vagrant youth of the capital.

After having escaped from many barricades, where everybody knows he took an active part with the insurgents, after having been brought up over and over again for misdemeanors of all kinds, and having invariably succeeded by his ready wit and presence of mind in baffling all evidence against him, he was at length kidnapped in an affair in which, so he said to the last, he was perfectly innocent. There was universal mourning amongst the *gamins de Paris* on the day he was taken, for it was felt that Carambole could not long survive imprisonment; and so it has proved. He had braved all seasons, all vicissitudes, ill-fed, ill-clothed, without home or refuge, sleeping for months together in the open air broiling in the sun or freezing in the cold, he had never for one moment lost the gaiety and good humor with which heaven endowed him; but his nervous irritable nature has not been able to withstand, even for three short months, the loss of liberty. The confinement and *ennui* of the prison have killed him. In

spite of the indulgence with which he was treated, in spite of the affection shown him by the almoner of the prison, who declares that he had found in him one of the most gifted natures he had ever met with, he was attacked with a rapid decline, brought on by the morbid melancholy which assailed him at the prospect of remaining three years an inmate of that "Model Prison," and sank under the ardent thirst for liberty, which had grown to such a mania that he was compelled to be watched night and day lest he should be tempted to commit suicide in his despair at the fruitlessness of all his frantic struggles to get free.

Chips from the Library.

From "Notes and Queries," a new London Publication.

SHAKESPEARE'S EMPLOYMENT OF MONOSYLLABLES.

I OFFER the following flim-flam to the examination of your readers, all of whom are, I presume, more or less, readers of Shakespeare, and far better qualified than I am to "anatomize" his writings, and "see what bred about his heart."

I start with the proposition that the language of passion is almost invariably broken and abrupt, and the deduction that I wish to draw from this proposition and the passages that I am about to quote is, that—*Shakespeare on more than one occasion advisedly used monosyllables, and monosyllables only, when he wished to express violent and overwhelming mental emotion, ex gratia:—*

Lear. "Thou know'st at the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

(*Gloster.* "Alack! alack the day!")

Lear. "When we are born, we cry, that we are come To this great stage of fools.—This a good block!"—*King Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 6.

In this passage [I bracket *Gloster*] we find no fewer than *forty-two monosyllables* following each other consecutively. Again,

"—but through his lips do throng Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid, That no man could distinguish what he said."

Rape of Lucrece, Stanza 255.

After I had kept this among other flim-flams for more than a year in my note-book, I submitted it in a letter to the examination of a friend; his answer was as follows:—"Your canon is ingenious, especially in the line taken from the sonnet. I doubt it however, much, and rather believe that sound is often sympathetically, and as it were unconsciously, adapted to sense. Moreover, monosyllables are redundant in our tongue, as you will see in the scene you quote. In *King John*, Act III. Sc. 3, where the King is pausing in his wish to incense Hubert to Arthur's murder, he says:—

'Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet: But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow, Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good. I had a thing to say,—But let it go:—

forty monosyllables."

"*Credimus? an qui amat ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?*"

The very passage he quoted seemed, to my eyes, rather a *corroboration* of the theory than an *argument against it*! I might, I think, have quoted the remainder of *Lear's* speech ending with the words "Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill," and with the exception of three words consisting *entirely* of monosyllables, and one or two other passages. But I have written enough to express my meaning.

C. FORBES.

Temple.

Use of Monosyllables.—In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Boadicea*, Act 3, Sc. I. (Edinburgh, 1812), I meet with the following lines in Caratach's Apostrophe to "Divine Andate," and which seem to corroborate Mr. C. FORBES's theory on the employment of monosyllables by Shakespeare, when he wished to express violent and overwhelming emotion; at least they appear to be used much in the same way by the celebrated dramatists whom I quote:—

"Give us this day good hearts, good enemies, Good blows on both sides, wounds that fear or flight Can claim no share in; steel us both with anger, And warlike executions fit thy viewing. Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,

Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring;
And then look on, thou red-eyed God; who does best,
Reward with honor; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!"

C. I. R.

Feb. 16.

BYRONIC "SUGGESTIONS."

In Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, pages 176, 177, the poet is represented as stating that the lines—

"While Memory, with more than Egypt's art,
Embalming all the sorrows of the heart,
Sits at the altar which she raised to woe,
And feeds the source whence tears eternal flow!"

suggested to his mind, "by an unaccountable and incomprehensible power of association," the thought—

"Memory, the mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and, looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied."

afterwards apparently embodied in *Childe Harold*, iii. 33:—

"Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks."

Now, Byron was, by his own showing, an ardent admirer of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. See Moore's *Life of Byron*, vol. i. page 144. Notices of the year 1807.

Turn to Burton, and you will find the following passage:—

"And, as Praxiteles did by his glass, when he saw a scurvy face in it, brake it to pieces, but for that one, he saw many more as bad in a moment."—Part 2. sect. 3. mem. 7.

I am uncharitable enough to believe that *Childe Harold* owes far more to Burton than to "the unaccountable and incomprehensible power of association."

"Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant; dans les autres elles aiment l'amour."—La Rochefoucauld, *Max.* 494.

"In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove," etc.

Don Juan, canto iii. st. iii.

There is no note on this passage; but, on the concluding lines of the very next stanza,

"Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;
Yet there are some, they say, who have had none,
But those who have no'er end with only one,"

we have the following editorial comment:—"These two lines are a versification of a saying of Montaigne." (!!!) The saying is not by Montaigne, but by La Rochefoucauld:—

"On peut trouver des femmes qui n'ont jamais eu de galanterie; mais il est rare d'en trouver qui n'en aient jamais eu qu'une."—*Max.* 73.

Byron borrows the same idea again:—

"Writing grows a habit, like a woman's gallantry. There are women who have had no intrigue, but few who have had but one only; so there are millions of men who have never written a book, but few who have written only one."—*Observations upon an Article in Blackwood's Magazine; Byron's Works*, vol. xv. p. 87, Moore's Edition, 17 vols. duod. London, 1833.

Both the silence of the author, and the blunder of his editor, seem to me to prove that *Les Maximes* are not as generally known and studied as they deserve to be. MELANION.

INEDITED SONG BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

I do not remember to have seen the following verses in print or even in MS. before I accidentally met with them in a small quarto MS. Collection of English Poetry, in the handwriting of the time of Charles I. They are much in Suckling's manner; and in the MS. are described as—

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

I am confirmed a woman's man
Love this, or that, or any other man;
This day she's melting hot,
To-morrow swears she knows you not;
If she but a new object find,
Then straight she's of another mind;
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If e'er I doat upon you more.

Yet still I'll love the fairsome (why?—
For nothing but to please my eye);
And so the fat and soft-skinned dame
I'll flatter to appease my flame;
For she that's musical I'll long,
When I am sad, to sing a song;
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If e'er I doat upon you more.

I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through everywhere to find out change;
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But objects of variety.
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn;
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If e'er I doat upon you more.

A. D.

HEXAMETER VERSES IN THE SCRIPTURES.

SIR:—I shall feel obliged to any of your readers who will refer me to an hexameter line in the authorized English version of the *Old Testament*.

The following are two examples in the *New Testament*.

Art thōu hē | thāt shōuld | cōme ōr | dō wē |
look for ā | nōthēr. ||
Hūsbands | love yōur | wīves ānd | bē nōt |
bittēr ā | gāinst thēm. || W. J. N. R.

THE POETS.

Many years ago a *Sonnet*, by Leigh Hunt, characterizing the poets, appeared in the *Examiner*. Can any of your readers inform me whether the following, which I quote from memory, is correct?

C. DAY.

Were I to name, out of the times gone by,
The poets dearest to me, I should say,
Pulci for spirits, and a fine, free way,
Chaucer for manners, and a close, silent eye;
Spenser for luxury and sweet sylvan play,
Horace for chatting with from day to day;
Milton for classic taste and harp-strung high,
Shakespeare for all—but most, society.
But which take with me could I take but one?
Shakespeare, as long as I was unoppressed
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts intense;
But did I wish out of the common sun
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,
And dream of things far off and healing—Spenser.

THE TALISMAN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Many years back, "Prince" Louis Napoleon was stated to be in possession of the talisman of Charlemagne:—"a small nut, in a gold filigree envelopment, found round the neck of that monarch on the opening of his tomb, and given by the town of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) to Buonaparte, and by him to his favorite Hortense, *ci-devant* Queen of Holland, at whose death it descended to her son," the present President of the French Republic.

The Germans have a curious legend connected with this talisman. It was framed by some of the magi in the train of the ambassadors of Aaroun-al-Raschid to the mighty Emperor of the West, at the instance of his spouse Fastrada, with the virtue that her husband should be always fascinated towards the person or thing on which it was. The constant love of Charles to this his spouse was the consequence; but, as it was not taken from her finger after death, the affection of the emperor was continued unchanging to the corpse, which he would on no account allow to be interred, even when it became offensive. His confessor, having some knowledge of the occult sciences, at last drew off the amulet from the inanimate body, which was then permitted to be buried, but he retained possession of it himself, and thence became Charles's chief favorite and prime minister, till he had been promoted to the highest ecclesiastical dignity, as Archbishop of Mainz and Chancellor of the Empire. At this pitch of power, whether he thought he could rise no higher, or scruples of conscience were awakened by the hierarchical vows, he would hold the heathen charm no longer, and he threw it into a lake not far from his metropolitan seat, where the town of Ingelheim now stands. The regard and affection of the monarch were immediately diverted from the monk, and all men, to the country surrounding the lake; and he determined on building there a magnificent palace for his constant residence, and robbed all the ancient royal and imperial residences, even to the distance of Ravenna, in Italy, to adorn it. Here he subsequently resided and died; but it seems that

the charm had a passive as well as an active power; his throes of death were long and violent; and though dissolution seemed every moment impending, still he lingered in ceaseless agony, till the Archbishop, who was called to his bedside to administer the last sacred rites, perceiving the cause, caused the lake to be dragged, and, silently restoring the talisman to the person of the dying monarch, his struggling soul parted quietly away. The grave was opened by the third Otto in 997, and possibly the town of Aachen may have been thought the proper depository of the powerful drug, to be by them surrendered to one who was believed by many, as he believed himself to be, a second Charlemagne.

So much for the introduction to the following Queries:—1. Can any of your readers say whether this amulet is still in possession of the President of the French Republic? 2. If so, might not the believers in the doctrine of Sympathy attribute the votes of the six millions who, in December, 1848, voted in favor of his election, to the sympathetic influence of his "nut in gold filigree," and be justified in looking upon those who voted for his rivals as no true Franks? It was originally concocted for a Frankish monarch of pure blood, and may be supposed to exercise its potency only on those of genuine descent and untainted lineage.

WILLIAM BELL, Phil. Dr.

The Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From the London Times.)

FIRST PAPER.

THE present Exhibition displays a large amount of force in the old and well known favorites of the country, combined with an advance in several artists who had hitherto occupied a secondary rank, and with some novelty, a little wayward and perplexing, but not devoid of promise and not unworthy of closer attention. On entering the Great Room the eye first rests on No. 189, "A Dialogue at Waterloo," by Edwin Landseer. The speakers in that dialogue are no other than the Duke of Wellington himself and the Marchioness of Douro, revisiting, on some fine autumn day that unforgotten ridge from which the same expressive finger which now points its familiar explanation of the ground once beckoned the Guards to victory. The Flemish girl who offers to the unknown visitor that tale of rote which he could best tell to her and all mankind—the Garde-Chasse listlessly throwing his game on the bank—a Belgian farmer half suspecting that the face before him is one of those which no man who has once seen it forgets, and the other accessories of the group contribute to give extreme interest to this picture. That interest was heightened yesterday by the presence of the Duke himself, who lingered with evident satisfaction before the canvas, which seemed to render him twice over a spectator of his own greatness. The picture is one of Mr. Landseer's largest productions, and it is fortunately destined to take its place in the Vernon Gallery at Marlborough-house. In point of composition perhaps it wants unity, in point of treatment it might bear a warmer tone of color; but the portraits are like, the horses and other animals have all the charm of Mr. Landseer's brush, and the details of the picture are ingenious and effective. But we are bound to add that the effect of the picture does not place it amongst Mr. Landseer's most successful productions. The Duke of Wellington is disagreeably colored, and Lady Douro, in spite of her charming countenance, is made to be rather an inanimate listener to such a narrative on such a spot. The charm of the composition lies, after all, in the group on the left hand, which leaves nothing to be desired. A High-

land Shepherd with his dogs digging a ram from a snow drift in the moors is a very characteristic subject (281), and we know no artist who has treated virgin snow with the consummate purity and transparency of Edwin Landseer—but we can see nothing in the picture to give it the character of a sacred allusion which may be inferred from the scriptural title to be found in the catalogue.

Immediately opposite this painting will be found a work of a very different character—(72) "The Good Samaritan" by Mr. Eastlake. For several years, that is since the "Christ over Jerusalem" was first exhibited, we have had no work from Mr. Eastlake's pencil at all comparable to this picture. In design, in impression, in sentiment, it is of the highest order. The wounded man, barely raised from the dust in which he lay, is supported by the hand of mercy and of love. The drawing and color of his naked form are finished with extreme care, and his face turns upwards with an expression of exquisite gratitude and trust; in some other respects the picture is still unfinished, but we hardly like it the less for the subdued and unobtrusive character of all secondary objects. It is on the sufferer and the Samaritan that the mind and the eye rest, for in the symbolical robe and the majestic countenance of that compassionate being we trace at once the Samaritan over his afflicted brother—the Saviour over afflicted man. The repetition of Mr. Eastlake's "Escape of Francesco di Carrara" (169), painted also for the Vernon Gallery, has considerably more force and movement than the original picture; it is flight, it is terror, and will remain a specimen of the artist's most elaborate manner, though the subject is not one susceptible of much interest.

If the attention of the spectator is most easily arrested and gratified by that freedom and abundance of color and effect which Sir Joshua Reynolds has termed the "eloquence of painting," it may nevertheless be doubted whether the higher purposes of art are not more effectually attained by that style which principally aims at form and expression. These last are, at any rate, the rarest qualities amongst the artists of our own day, and we are less remote from the richness and vigor of Titian than from the supernatural beauty, the ideal perfection, and the dramatic power of Raffaele. In England more especially the tendency and the gifts of our leading painters, encouraged by the taste of the public, have conduced to exuberance of color and boldness of effect; and the efforts which we now remark, founded expressly on the principles of the Tuscan schools, have the merit of novelty, careful study, and a desire to raise the character of the English school for purity and correctness. Mr. Eastlake has undoubtedly contributed by the spirit of his productions, and the extent of his acquirements in the scientific and historical branches of his profession, to give this direction to the taste of one class of connoisseurs and artists in the present day. His own works are not free from the defects incidental to such a mode of treatment. In "The Good Samaritan," to which we have already adverted (and which has been purchased by Prince Albert since the private view), the coloring of the principal figure leaves much to be desired; the flesh tints are idealized to a monotony of carnation; the shadows, instead of being thrown in with the effect of masses, are stippled with infinite minuteness; and the general effect has an extreme mildness, which may heighten the pathetic character of the subject at the expense of its reality and force. But we meet with these last qualities to a

greater degree in the work of Mr. Dyce, composed as it is on the same principles of art. The subject is the meeting of Jacob and Rachel, "when Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." It is a work of extreme simplicity in its arrangement, and may even repel the first glance of the visitor by a certain dryness and flatness in the treatment to which our eyes are not familiar in the English school. But we do not hesitate to say that few modern pictures have been painted more nearly in the manner, if not with something of the spirit, of Raffaele in his earlier styles. The outline is firm and correct. The drapery a little quaint, but noble; and the effect of it is relieved in both figures by a cincture or shawl of more vivid color and pattern. The attitude is but the gesture of timorous or tortured love from the beginning of the world, for who has not at some time breathed vows as passionate as these upon the clasped hand which seemed to be torn away for ever? But the loveliness of the female figure, with a fondness and a modesty equal to her resignation—the plaint of that Arab herdsman in the anguish of his passion, combine a very high degree of natural emotion and natural grace with ideal treatment and refinement.

Mr. Cope's style, though following to some extent the same objects as that of Mr. Dyce, aims at greater vigor of color and greater force of action. In the *Griseldis* and the fresco of Judge Gascoigne, painted for the House of Lords, his compositions are strongly marked by the abrupt and muscular exertion of the principal figure, and, as an historical painter, Mr. Cope has the high merit of seizing and conveying the actual movement of the scene. His present picture of *King Lear* (39) has this quality in a remarkable degree. The moment is that brief time of rest, after the horrors of a night of storm and madness, in which reason recovers a departing influence over the afflicted brain. They have arrayed him once more in his own robes—"in the heaviness of sleep we put fresh garments on him"—and Cordelia hangs over his half open lips. If there be yet life, will not affection and music revive him? That is the idea of the picture. The leech, painted with great force and minuteness, presses the feeble pulse, whilst his words—"Louder the music there"—convey the impression of some healing strain to rouse by gentle influences that broken and bewildered spirit. The point is touched with originality and feeling. The minstrels and the choristers breathing their melancholy cadence by the foot of the couch are there "to minister to that mind diseased," while Cordelia sheds her angelic tenderness over the sleeping sufferer. Perhaps we should complain of some of the minor accessories by the bed-side as somewhat trivial, but as a whole this picture has grandeur and beauty, greatly enhanced by the pathos which it conveys. To touch one sense by another, or, in other words, *to paint music*, is at all times a bold undertaking, and Titian and Giorgione have not always succeeded in it; but here the object was not so much to convey the direct impression of sound as the soothing effect of it on dying ears, and the burden of that melody is, as it were—Cordelia.

Perhaps it is in this place that we may most fitly advert to the work of Mr. Poole, "The Messenger announcing to Job the irruption of the Sabæans" (389), but it leads us from the purer regions in which we have just been treading to a convulsive and unnatural style, for which we can entertain little sympathy. The scene depicted is the same to which Blake's powerful drawing first gave shape and

terror. "I alone am escaped to tell thee," is the cry of the messenger who reaches the tent of the Patriarch—everything else is lost. A lurid and disastrous glare pervades the tent, and falls slanting on the melancholy group—but the effects of shade and color are violent, and the expression of physiognomy in the chief actors comparatively ineffective. "Solomon Eagle" was a more forcible composition—"The Inventory of the Convent" a purer piece of color. Mr. Poole has an evident proneness to the fantastic treatment of his subjects, but we entreat him to sober down his great powers to daylight and reality.

The same remonstrance may be addressed with greater force to Mr. Millais and his imitators, who are attempting to engraft themselves on the wildest and most uncouth productions of the early German school, with a marked affectation of indifference to everything we are accustomed to seek and to admire. Mr. Millais's principal picture (518) is, to speak plainly, revolting. The attempt to associate the Holy Family with the meanest details of a carpenter's shop, with no conceivable omission of misery, of dirt, and even disease, all finished with the same loathsome minuteness, is disgusting; and with a surprising power of imitation this picture serves to show how far mere imitation may fall short by dryness and conceit of all dignity and truth. The picture of *Ariel and Ferdinand* (504), by the same artist, is less offensive in point of subject and feeling, but scarcely more pardonable in style. We do not want to see *Ariel* and the spirits of the Enchanted Isle in the attitudes and shapes of green goblins, or the gallant *Ferdinand* twisted like a posture-master by *Albert Durer*. These are mere caprices of genius; but whilst we condemn them as deplorable examples of perverted taste, we are not insensible to the power they indicate over some of the most curious spells of art. Mr. Hunt's picture of "The Fugitive Druids" (553) has a good deal of originality in its conception, and careful handling in some of the figures, but it sins by the same intolerable pedantry which seems to brave the first laws of space and ease. Mr. Collins's picture in the same grotesque style might pass for an illuminated chess-board.

Mr. Maclise differs essentially from the painters whose works we have just examined, by the vehemence of his attitudes, the staring animation of his color, and the want of sobriety and keeping which may be regretted in many of his finest works. His color produces on us the effect of a brass band or a chorus of Verdi's operas, and this garishness not unfrequently destroys the dignity and feeling of his most serious compositions. We regret this defect the more because no painter has flourished in this country gifted with a more various and brilliant imagination than Mr. Maclise, and none has trodden more boldly forward to the high places of art. The principal work exhibited this year from his easel is a reproduction in oil-color, of the "Spirit of Justice" (160), already painted in fresco in the House of Lords. To describe it in his own words:—

"The figure of Justice occupies the centre of the design, and on either side are the angels of Mercy and Retribution. Immediately in front of the angels, on a level with the tribunal, are seated the Judges, lay and ecclesiastical. At the base, on the side of the angel of Retribution, stand the guilty one and the accuser, who displays the evidence against him. Beneath the angel of Mercy are the widow and orphans, protected by their armed champion. In the front a negro kneels, newly liberated from his bonds; and a free citi-

zen also bending before Justice, unrolls the charter of liberty."

If allegories admitted of criticism, we might question the introduction of an emancipated African in a picture so essentially of a mediæval character, but as a whole the composition has stateliness and spirit. It is a revival of the great composite pictures painted for architectural purposes by the old masters, and must be estimated by its adaptation to the gorgeous chamber in which the fresco is placed.

In his other performance from the Vicar of Wakefield (156), Mr. Maclise has resumed the more facile materials of his own studio, with astonishing gaiety and brilliancy, as if it was the greatest joy in life to get back from allegories and plaster, and that sort of grandeur, to the Vicar of Wakefield, and the living expression of English faces. Accordingly, he has painted nothing more pleasant or more natural. Perhaps he has given the sheepish Moses an unwonted degree of roguishness and recklessness, in that tremendous passage of his mercantile experience, when it was established beyond all doubt that the price of the colt was a gross of green spectacles, *not* of silver; but the mild reproof of the Vicar, the bewilderment of Mrs. Primrose, the terrors of the elder brother, the sympathy of the sisters, is inimitable. Every one is in consternation but the baby; and he, with more practical wisdom than his elders, sees the glasses are green, and looks through them. This picture is one of Mr. Maclise's happiest efforts, and it brings us back entirely to our own English ground. On that ground, honored as it has been by the wit of Hogarth and the delicacy of Wilkie, no one of living painters stands more firmly than Leslie. His works have about them an extreme homeliness, which is not incompatible with an elegant treatment of the plain accessories of daily life, and great refinement of domestic sentiment. That character we find in his "Tom Jones leading Sophia to the glass as her best security for his good behavior;" a neat subject, neatly expressed, without the least affectation or labored attitude, but as true to the life as any page that Fielding wrote. For ourselves, however, we rather prefer the gay "Beatrice sliding down the moonlit balustrade," as the more poetical conception. The scene from Henry VIII. is a lugubrious reality, hardly worthy of Leslie.

Mr. Frank Stone has done little this year to extend his range of subjects, which verge on monotony from the repetition of a single face, and we seek in vain for the painter of "True Love never did run smooth," and the "Last Appeal." "The Gardener's Daughter" is, however, a charming piece of grace and color, such as Tennyson's painter might well catch under her honeysuckle porch with all the fondness of that pleasant poem from which the subject is taken. "The Scene from the Tempest" is below Mr. Stone's reputation—a dull Miranda, a stiff but undignified Prospero, and a loutish Ferdinand in a landscape which delicate spirits would hardly choose to dwell in. Mr. Goodall has not kept the promise of his former years; in his "Woodman's Home" (443), we find none of the animation and sentiment of his first works, but a languid puerility which he will probably shake off. Mr. Rankley's "Sunday School" (144), though not a picture of very high pretensions, has a good deal of the charm of Mr. Goodall's manner, and the more successful followers of Wilkie.

We cannot take leave of this part of the collection more agreeably than by a parting

glance at Mr. Webster's very choice and perfect contributions. One of them only, "The Cherry-seller" (98), is in his highly-finished manner—that is, in color, in depth, and in expression nothing inferior to the smaller works of Adrian Ostade himself. But two or three interiors of his English cottages, painted on the spot, will well repay examination, and may perhaps preserve the recollection of the home of an English peasant, when such dwellings have lost whatever still makes them venerable or picturesque.

Original Poetry.

THE SPARTAN HAWK.

1.

A Hawk, strong-pinioned, of adventurous flight,
From Taygetus to Atlas bound, our bark
To overtake essayed, and soon his mark,
Like a sure arrow, reached. The topmast's
height
Receives his weary feet, glad to alight,
And drowsy slumber veils his eyes' keen
spark;
For he had struggled with resistance stark
Of envious winds, and overcome their might.
Sweet his repose, yet danger hovers near,
Undreamed of, when at length with sudden
fear
He wakes, oppressed by a rude grasping hand,
His claws and beak confining. Small the
cheer
Past efforts yield, while now the captive's band
Through lack of vigilance he wears, ungained the
sought-for strand.

2.

His pinions clipped, the Spartan bird is caged;
No hope remaining of sweet liberty,
Nor Greece, nor Africa's sunny coast to see,
O'er his fine form, by violence outraged,
He broods in gloom, and sullen war is waged
E'en with the kindness his captivity
Anxious to soothe, and bid his hunger flee.
Three days his resolute will bears unassuaged
Starvation's pangs that rack his well-strung
frame,
When faltering nature yields. Now, grown
quite tame,
With his fierce claws and beak a child may play:
Yet his discolored eye a conscious shame,
And ruffled plumes disclose. The proud array
And bearing of his noble race his looks no more
display.

3.

He's now the favorite plaything, cherished pet
Of young and old; he, who was wont to soar
On wing unfettered, where the storm-winds
roar
In wild carousals,—or their glistening net
Bright sunbeams weave,—regardless if those
threat,
Or these the air enliven. Mountains hoar,
And foamy billows trembling on the shore,
Witnessed his daring. Ceaseless longings fret
The gallant bird (who now in durance vile,
Inactive, must the lazy hours beguile),
His flight to recommence. Bestowed in vain
The deck's full freedom, food abundant, while
He may not soar: at length, with vigorous strain,
He mounts the air, flutters, grows faint, then drops
into the main.

J. J. R.

January 26, 1847.

Facts and Opinions.

A FRIEND at Paris furnishes us with the following notice of the deaths of two distinguished men of the scientific world:—"The cause of science has recently met with an immense loss by the decease of two of its most distinguished advocates, MM. De Blainville and Gay-Lussac. The former, a venerable veteran in the service of Minerva, might, but a few weeks ago, have

been seen in his lecture-room at the Sorbonne, busily engaged in classifying the numerous specimens of animals, the mere arrangement of which kept two assistants constantly at work, whilst he, grey-headed sire of seventy-three, was carrying on the business of abstraction and generalization with all the interest and vivacity of a young man of twenty-five.—Of the death of Gay-Lussac, the *Journal des Débats* of the 10th ult. speaks as follows: 'The sciences have to-day sustained a great loss. M. Gay-Lussac, one of the chief scientific celebrities of the age, died this morning at his residence in the Jardin des Plantes, where two months ago he had, at his own request, been brought from Limousin. There is no branch of physical or chemical science but what is indebted to him for some important discovery. Sometimes as the collaborator of men like Thénard and Alexander de Humboldt, sometimes alone, he successively directed his investigations into every department of science. A pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, he attracted the notice of the illustrious savans that directed the studies of that institution, especially of Berthollet, and subsequently became himself Professor of Chemistry there. At the same time he delivered courses on general physics at the Collège de France, and occupied also the chair of chemistry at the Jardin des Plantes. This was the only chair he had retained, having long ago resigned the other two. Extremely skilful as operator, he made a great quantity of analyses and experiments. He succeeded, either alone or in connexion with his collaborators, in discovering general laws relating to the composition of bodies, especially in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. He likewise propounded several of the general laws that govern the phenomena of physics. The methods he introduced, and the apparatuses due to his invention, and which scientific men employed in their researches, manufacturers and our fiscal agents in their relative branches of business, would form a series too long to be enumerated here. There is no one but has heard of his barometer, his aleohometer, and his method of assaying the qualities of metallic coins. He has long been a member of the Institute, to which he was elected when yet very young. There were very few learned societies of which he was not a member. Deputy of the Department of Haute-Vienne, where he was born, he became afterwards Peer of France. He lived to the age of 71 years. Always robust, his health did not begin to fail till six months ago; but his case was such as to leave no hope of recovery.' I saw his funeral procession, in which all the scientific notabilities of Paris, the pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique, and a detachment of soldiers, joined."

We understand, says the *London Guardian*, that a meeting of persons desirous to do honor to the memory of Wordsworth, was held on Monday (May 6th) at the house of Mr. Justice Coleridge. It was attended by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of St. David's, the Dean of St. Paul's, Archdeacon Hare, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Justice Coleridge, Mr. Cavendish, and several other gentlemen. The results of it are expected to be made public in a few days. A great number of eminent and distinguished persons sent their names to the meeting, as wishing to co-operate in carrying its object into effect.

From a table kept at the Post-office during the past month, the *Courier* gathers the annexed particulars of the amount of foreign correspondence passing through the office in the space of twenty-nine days, the mails by the *Asia*, received on the 29th, being the last during the month. The total number of letters received from and sent to foreign countries (including California) has been *three hundred and fourteen thousand three hundred and fifty*. Of this number *forty-one thousand five hundred* were received from California, and *twenty-five thousand three hundred* were sent to the same place. The largest foreign mail received was by the *Europa*, on the 23d, amounting to twenty-six

thousand six hundred letters. The largest mail sent was by the *Cambria*, on the 8th, amounting to thirty-one thousand four hundred letters. The largest mail received from California was by the *Georgia*, on the 7th, amounting to twenty-seven thousand seven hundred letters. The largest California mail sent was by the *Ohio*, on the 28th, amounting to fifteen thousand four hundred letters. Twenty-four steamers have arrived and departed during the month (including California and those sailing from Boston), making nearly a steamer every day, for the twenty-nine days during which the account was kept.

The captain of ship *Wataha*, at Valparaiso, reports that on the 26th of March, in lat. 42 deg. S., long. 76 deg. W., a large albatross was caught by some person on board that ship, having round its neck a collar of copper, on which was punched "Bark Orion, of Boston, off Cape Horn, Feb. 19, 1850." This has reference to the bark *Orion*, from this port for California, and it is the first intelligence from her since she sailed from Rio Janeiro.

The little schooner *Enterprise*, of only five and a half tons burden, has arrived safely at Havana. The *Baltimore American* gives the history of this Lilliputian craft, which is somewhat singular. She was built at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, and conveyed on wagons forty miles to Fever River; thence she was towed to Galena, Illinois, where she was rigged; she then descended the Mississippi River to New Orleans under sail; we next hear of her clearing at New Orleans for San Juan, Nicaragua. After stopping a few days at Havana, she sailed for her destination, where her owner intends to ascend lakes Nicaragua and Leon, thence drag her along the Portage, fifteen miles, launch her in the Pacific, and proceed to California.

The Geographical Society of London have voted a gold medal to Col. Fremont for having made, during the past year, valuable discoveries in Geography. It is usual for this Society to give a medal every year to the person who makes the most important contributions in Geographical Science.

Charlecote Hall, near Stratford upon Avon, was recently entered by burglars and £700 worth of property was abstracted:—Amongst other articles of value stolen, and some in connexion with the history of the Lucy family, of considerable interest, may be enumerated:—Three gold watches, one with a portrait of Charles II., set round with diamonds; lapis lazuli snuff-box, gold mountings, and a cameo in the centre; several gold rings and snuff-boxes, three handsome purses filled, some with old coins and sovereigns; a two-guinea piece of Charles I.; a great many gold and silver pencil cases; a small exquisite miniature of Sir Thos. Lucy, "the Justice Shallow" before whom Shakespeare was taken for deer-stealing; a gold medal of Shakespeare; a magnificent ring, enamelled with the inscription, "The gift of Henry VIII. to his Treasurer, Ward," engraved inside, &c. A considerable portion, however, of the plunder was recovered.

The pecuniary value of Modern Dramatic Literature, says the *London Atlas*, varies with different managers, different authors, different theatres. Mr. Webster is very liberal, and will, perhaps, pay from £300 to £500 for a good and successful original play; fifty pounds, forty pounds, and twenty pounds for a farce. Sometimes, when the continued prosperity of a piece is rather uncertain, the *quid pro quo* takes the form of a nightly payment up to a certain sum. The Keeleys used to pay £150 for a good burlesque; or, three pounds per night up to £150, which the authors consider very fair and generous. But the remuneration does not stop with the London pay. A good metropolitan reputation will insure a frequent provincial performance and subsequent revivals, and if the author preserves his interest in the copyright he may derive a perpetual income from the frequency of

performance. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is said to receive ten pounds for every performance of the *Lady of Lyons*. This, however, is a rare exception to the average rate of remuneration. From two pounds to ten shillings per night is the price ordinarily paid. After all's said and done, however, play-writing is a poor and precarious trade. The best authors have their failures; and there are thousands (we speak advisedly) who never get their productions played. Too often they are never read by the manager to whom they are sent.

The invaders of the Tuileries on the 24th of February, 1848, found in the apartment of the Queen a very fine white parrot. In the midst of the tumult, disorder, and devastation of the scene the bird was respected, and became a subject of amusement for that portion of the sovereign people who, after having installed themselves as masters in the royal apartments, kept possession of them in spite of the invitations to leave given them by the Provisional Government, and left them much less readily than their former possessor. The hosts of the *château*, after having amused themselves for some time with the bird, at length, however, became tired of it, and it was seriously proposed to kill it and have it roasted for their dinner. The suggestion was unanimously voted and was about to be carried into immediate execution, when a young man stepped forward and begged that it might be given up to him. This was done, and the life of the bird was saved. Some days after this generous citizen left the Tuileries with the bird in his hand. When the excitement of victory had subsided he returned to the Tuileries to restore the bird, but it was refused admission, and he took it back again to his room. Two years passed away, when her Majesty caused inquiries to be made after her favorite, and it was found in the possession of the mother of the young man who had saved its life, and who resided in the Rue de Verneuil. It was claimed from her, but in vain, the woman declaring that, as it had been refused when her son took it back, she would not now give it up. All the offers made to her were without effect, but a commissary of police having been applied to on the subject, he, not without difficulty, obtained possession of it, and the bird is now on its journey to England.

A Paris letter says, "A new lottery of £24,000, in favor of distressed literary men and artists, has just been officially organized under the sanction of the Government. The first prize is worth £2000, the second £800, and so on. The object is good, and the affair deserves support."

Yesterday, the 1st of May, writes the Madrid Cor. of the *London Daily News*, was the bull fight of the season. Twenty-four horses were goaded to death. The Chiclanero, Monte's favorite pupil, had a narrow escape of his life, the horn of one of the Torre Rauri bulls having passed through his pectoral muscles. He was loudly cheered as he walked out without assistance, and without moving a muscle of his countenance. He has the mortification of having been blamed by amateurs, as his wound was occasioned by neglecting one of the most important rules in tauromachy. One of the picadores had his wrist broken, his horse, with him upon it, having been raised from the ground on the horns of the bull that wounded Chiclanero, and thrown violently against the barrier. To crown all, knives were drawn among some quarrelsome Andalusians, and blood would have been shed but for the exertions of the guard.

A Paris writer says, "We have had a little scandal as to one of the prettiest actresses of the day. A young nobleman of some wealth had squandered his fortune upon her, of which she had saved a hundred thousand francs. He ended his folly by proposing marriage, which she declined. The refusal astonishing one of her friends, she asked the reason. The answer was, that he would spend her hundred thousand francs. She was then told that she was un-

grateful; to which she replied, she thought she was showing the deepest gratitude in keeping securely what he had given her."

The *Constitutionnel* relates the following:—"An unparalleled and incredible outrage has recently been committed in the commune of Camalés, near Vic-Bigorre. A woman of Camalés had been suffering for some time from a disease which the resources of science had been powerless to cure. Imbued with the stupid prejudices current among the country population of the Pyrenees and the Gers, she became persuaded that her illness was the work of some evil genius, and that a sorceress had cast a spell upon her. Ere long her suspicions fell upon an unfortunate old woman, eighty years of age, who resided in the neighborhood. She found no difficulty in bringing her husband to her own view of the matter, and, it being a part of the superstitious belief of the country that a witch can be forced to undo the evil she has caused, it was agreed that the supposed sorceress should be enticed by some artifice into the house, and that, once there, they should constrain her by arguments, borrowed from the practices of the Inquisition, to work the sick woman's cure. As soon as she was within the threshold the door was carefully secured, and the husband sprang at the old woman's throat, threatening to throw her into a roaring fire unless she consented to undo her spells. We shall not depict the terror of the unfortunate creature. She prayed, entreated, and wept; but prayers, tears, and supplications, were of no avail. The husband seized the miserable woman, and proceeded to cram her feet foremost into a heated oven. Only half her body, however, was within the oven, when, finding that the suspected sorceress only shrieked with agony, and would do nothing to cure the sick woman, the husband, doubtless with the intention of bringing the affair to a final issue, withdrew her for a moment from the oven, and then thrust her in again, but this time with her head foremost. The howlings of the suffering wretch then became so violent, and her efforts to disengage herself so desperate, that she at last succeeded in causing her torturer to loose his hold, after which he quietly opened the door to her, and allowed her to depart without further form of the proceeding. Just able still to breathe, for her head had only for a moment entered the orifice of the burning oven, her feet perfectly calcined, her legs mutilated with the burns, and suffering the most horrible tortures, the wretched old woman found, nevertheless, sufficient strength to drag herself as far as the commune of Pujo, where some of her relations lived, who immediately tendered the first offices which her condition required. Those who beheld the old woman at Pujo on the evening after the event, describe the state she was in as frightful beyond description. Her hair was entirely destroyed, her visage one scorched surface, and her feet and legs covered with inflamed blisters, so that it became a matter of wonder how she had been able to walk. She is able to speak, however, and relates every detail of this unparalleled outrage; but her injuries are of so severe a nature that it is not expected that she can recover. The agents of justice have visited the victim of superstition, and the culprits, who were immediately arrested, will shortly have to answer for their crime."

One of those generous, disinterested, sacrificing gentlemen who had stuck upon every other pane of glass in his shop at Nottingham, "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday," once offered himself as bail, or security, in some case which was brought before a magistrate. The magistrate asked him if he was worth £200; he said yes. "But you are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you wrote up 'Selling off.'" "Yes; every shopkeeper is selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer will be refused.'" "Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers." "But you say, 'Must close on Satur-

day." "To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

"I remember," says Mr. Copland (lecturing before the Royal Dublin Society on tobacco), "when I was quite young, seeing a fine print, by one of the old masters, of a burly Dutchman lounging in a capacious arm chair, 'blowing a cloud' from his beloved pipe. Underneath was the motto, '*Gloria mundi fumus*.' I asked my father what it meant. 'Why,' said he, 'it has two meanings: first, 'The glory of the world is smoke'; and second, 'Smoking is the glory of the world.'"

Carlyle, in his last "Latter-Day Pamphlet," thus pictures the present race of "Men of Letters:"—"A crowded portal this of literature, accordingly! The haven of expatriated spiritualisms, and, alas! also of expatriated vanities and prudent imbecilities. Here do the windy aspirations, foiled activities, foolish ambitions, and frustrated human energies reduced to the vocable condition, fly as to the one refuge left; and the Republic of Letters increases in population at a faster rate than even the Republic of America. The strangest regiment in her Majesty's service this of the soldiers of literature. Would your lordship much like to march through Coventry with them? The immortal gods are there, quite irreconcilable under these disguises, and also the lowest broken valets; an extremely miscellaneous regiment. In fact the regiment, superficially viewed, looks like an immeasurable motley flood of discharged playactors, funambulists, false prophets, drunken ballad-singers; and marches, not as a regiment, but as a boundless canaille, without drill, uniform, captaincy, or billet; with huge over-proportion of drummers; you would say a regiment gone wholly to the drum, with hardly a good musket to be seen in it, more a canaille than a regiment. Canaille of all the loud sounding Levites, and general winnowings of chaos, marching through the world in a most ominous manner, proclaiming audibly, if you have ears, 'Twelfth hour of the Night; ancient graves yawning; pale clammy Puseyisms screeching in their winding-sheets; owls busy in the city regions; many goblins abroad! Awake, ye living; dream no more; arise to judgment! Chaos and Gehenna are broken loose; the Devil with his bedlams must be flung in chains again, and the Last of the Days is about to dawn.' Such is literature to the reflective soul at this moment."

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*. The NEXT VOLUME of the LITERARY WORLD will commence on Saturday, July 6th. Subscribers wishing to receive the work from the commencement should order immediately.

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set of large and beautifully executed charts of the battles of Napoleon. These are presented by the French Government to the office of the Secretary of War.

There are other works of equal splendor designed for the Library of Congress. Among them is a series of numbers, forming a record of a Scientific Exploration of Algiers, made by order of the French Government. All the objects of natural history, the botanical, vegetable, and mineral productions of the country, are described and figured, in colored engravings. The ancient monuments of the region, mostly Roman, are represented in superb colored engravings, and views are given of the buildings of Moorish architecture. Besides these are various other important publications made under the auspices of the French Government, and some rare and valuable old publications.

M. Vattermare's scheme of literary exchanges is now beginning to produce some of its fruits, and scarcely a wind blows over the sea, that is not conveying abroad or bringing back some contributions procured by him to the public libraries on one side of the Atlantic or the other. One of the New Jersey prints the other day spoke of him as a politician of some sort. This is a mistake; he is too much taken up with his hobby—a useful hobby we admit—of literary exchanges, ever to talk or even think of, political questions.—*Evening Post*.

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